Saturday Review
May 23, 1970/50¢

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WELFARE
Time for Reform

articles by

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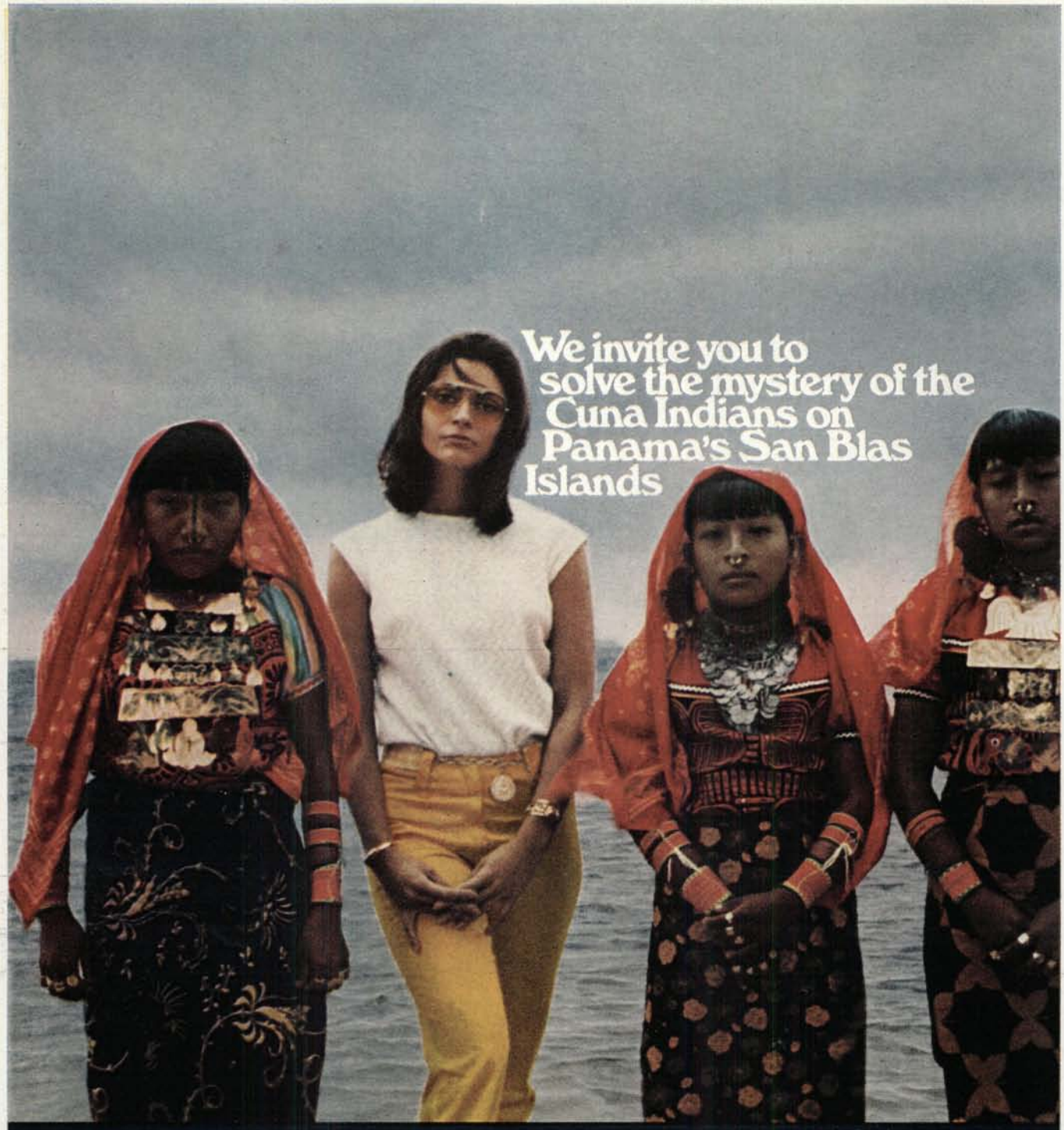

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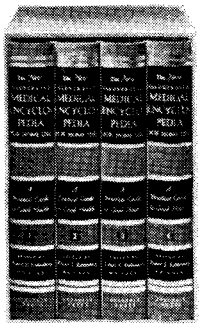

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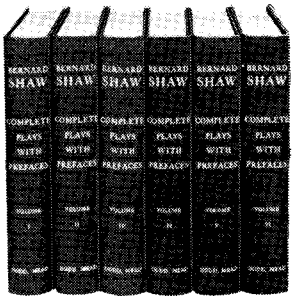

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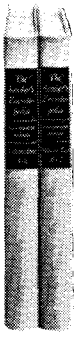

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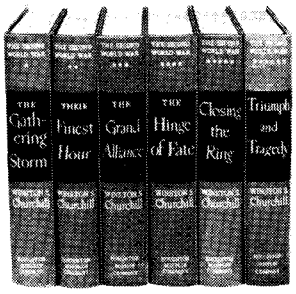

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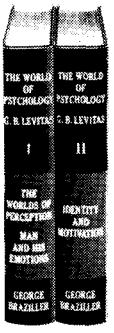

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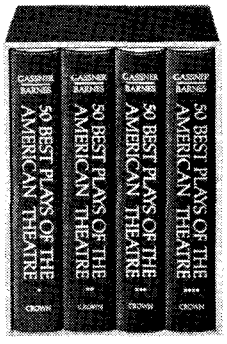

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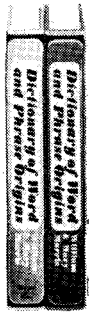

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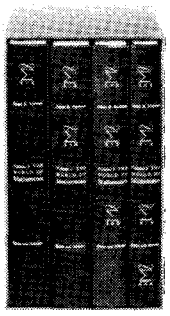

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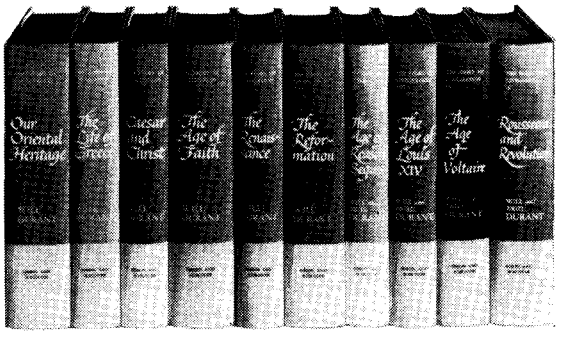

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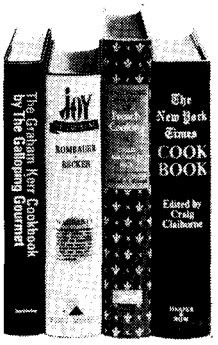

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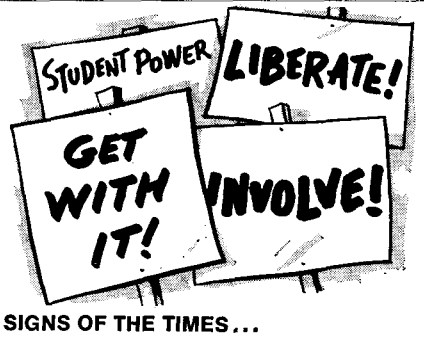

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A Special Issue

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

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Grab a hot pretzel and go to Flushing. Grab two pretzels, if your wife is with you. She'll love it. Go to 206th St., Bx. Or Canarsie. Pick any far-out station.

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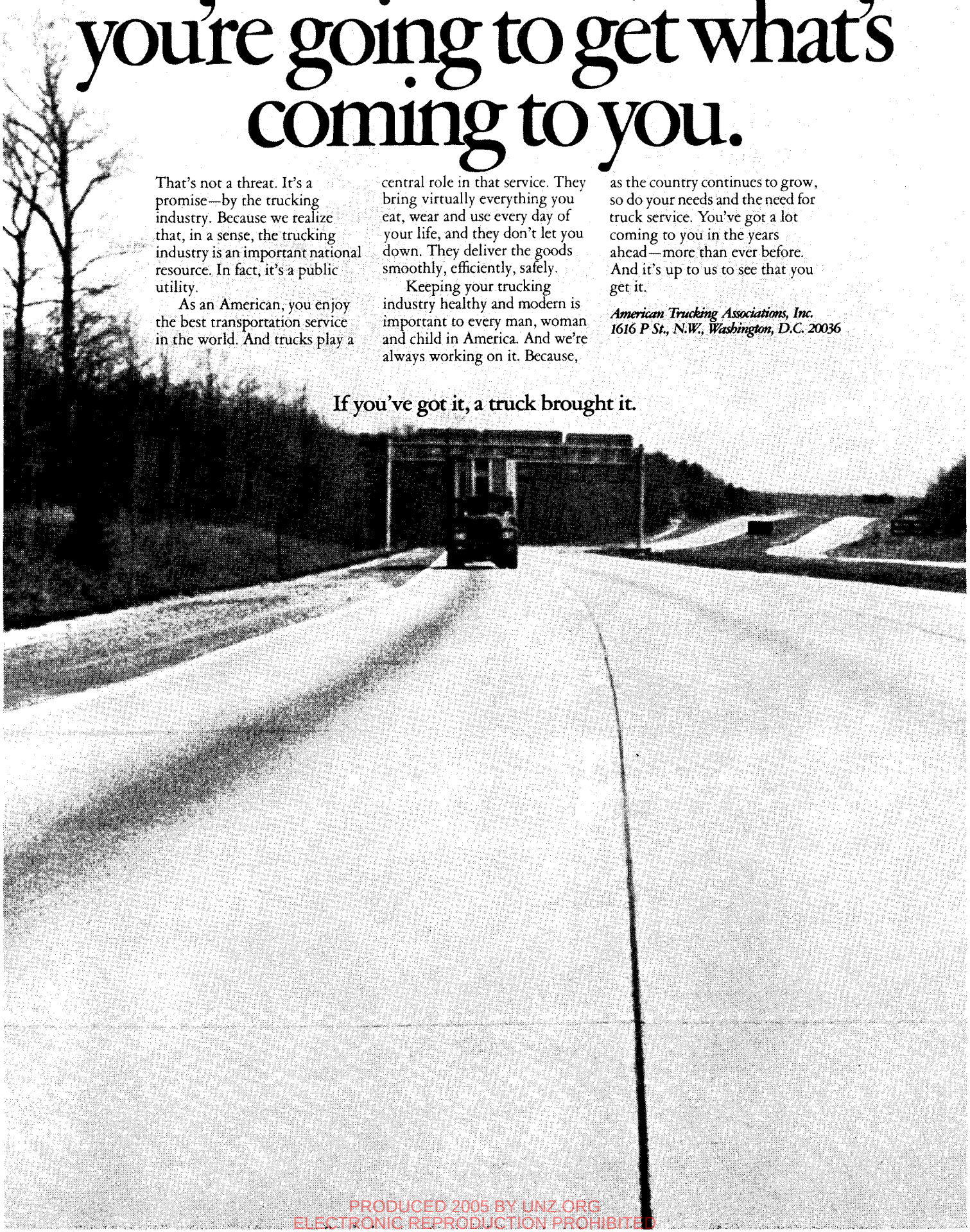

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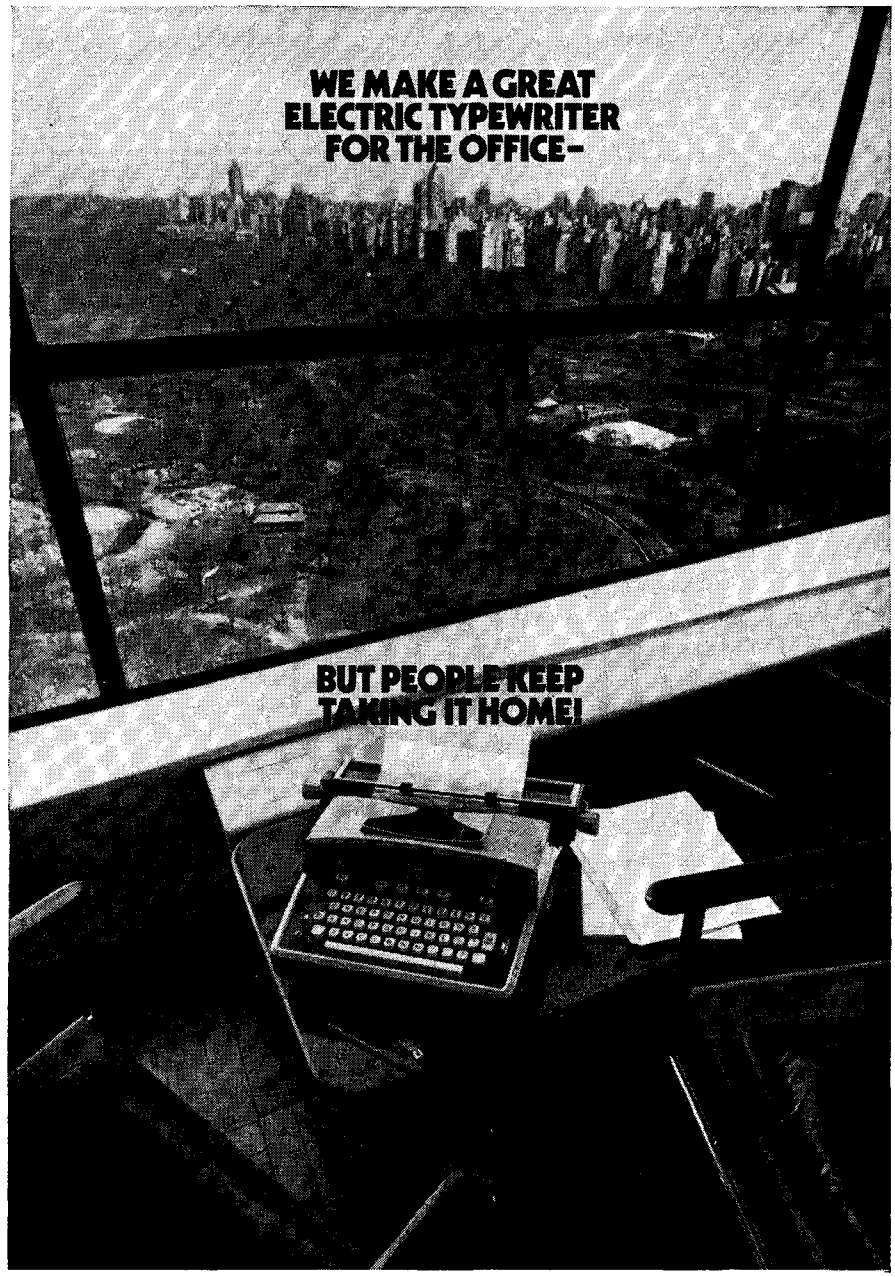

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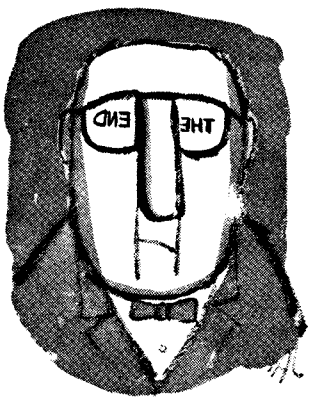
—HARLAND MANCHESTER.



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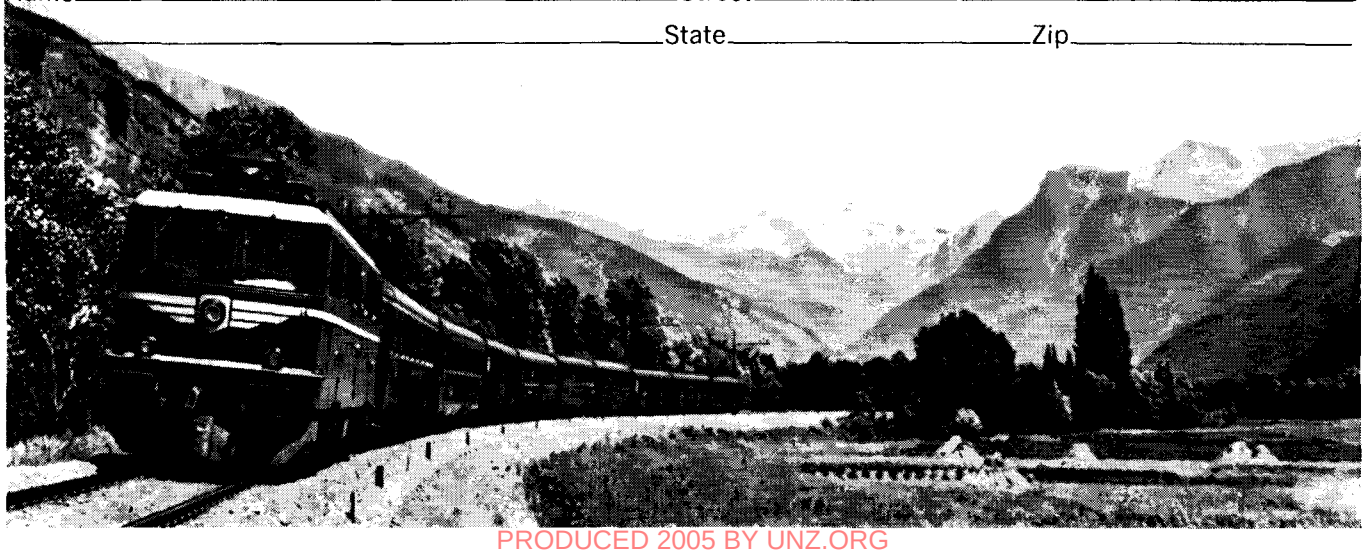

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Martha of Washington

WHEN A MAN walks into an elevator and says to the operator, "Thirty-eight East Fifty-seventh Street," one of two things is happening to him: Something is preying on his mind, or he's lost his other marble.

Contrary to what you may deduce, something has been preying on my mind. It's our freedom to speak out. We're losing it. Not only you and I, but some big people connected with the Nixon administration are being quietly shushed. For instance, the attractive and colorfully eloquent Martha Mitchell, wife of John N., Attorney General.

Just because she telephoned a newspaper at 3 in the morning demanding the editor "crucify" Senator Fulbright, it was suggested by some nervous bureaucrat that it would be prudent to get Martha a Press Secretary to calm her stream of conscious rhetoric so it wouldn't make that many waves.

That incident started a trend because, after Mr. Mitchell had embarrassed our President with the names of two judges not acceptable to the Senate, and he issued a statement that agitated the polluted political waters of the Potomac, Mr. Mitchell got a Press Secretary.

Two Press Secretaries—His and Hers—a man for Mr. Mitchell, a woman for Martha. It might have been more exciting the other way, but that's a different column. The point is, when freedom of speech of any two persons is aborted, all citizens lose a little freedom. Not to mention the loss of some spicy, internecine Washington gossip.

Press Secretary is upper-case jargon for press agent. A press agent is an image maker. To repair images of public officials so that their uninspired statements seem like what they're not demands a skilled press agent who can defend his client against the slanted headlines in the biased press.

When the client finds himself on the horns of a dilemma, the press agent's duty is to grab the bull by the tail, so that when the bull looks around to see what's holding him up, the client slips quickly off the horns, rushes home to take a shower, and dashes to his office to meet the reporters.

"I beg your pardon," he asks innocently. "What bull are you talking about? I don't know anything about a bull."

It works like this: "Here's what I'll do, Mr. Mitchell," says the press agent. "After you slip off the horns of your dilemma, I'll let go of the tail, and write a speech putting the blame on the Senate for turning down your two judges because they were Southerners. And, instead of your making the speech, I'll give it to the Vice President to deliver somewhere. Preferably in a town down South."

Vice President Agnew is Press Secretary without portfolio, in full control of his freedom to speak out. The V.P. went to Columbia, South Carolina, where he castigated the Senate for its antipathy to Southerners. He was a big hit. Encouraged by the applause, Mr. Agnew added still another jewel to the crown of the Attorney General. He pointed out there had been a dramatic drop in the rise of crime in the streets since Mr. Mitchell took office. The rate had dropped from 29 per cent when Ramsey Clark was Attorney General to only 13 per cent under Mr. Mitchell.

"The crime rate," Mr. Agnew was quoted, "is being brought under control by strong executive action in the Justice Department."

This extravagant credit given to Martha's husband is pure Barnum and Bailey. You and I know where the real credit belongs: To our citizens who have barricaded themselves in their homes, afraid to venture out at night. You simply can't have as many muggers on the streets to commit crimes, if there aren't as many muggees for the muggers to mug. Right?

Even the President has a Press Secretary. But when Mr. Nixon wants to reach out to the people for support, he orders a half-hour of television time. Mr. Nixon's career on TV has been checkered. Remember? But now, as befits a man in the highest office, TV is his "room," as the actors put it.

So masterfully does he convey an intimate closeup of a man alone, on the horns of a dilemma, with no press agent to diminish his anguish—a Commander-in-Chief so dedicated to bringing home his armed forces that he must expand the war into Cambodia—that 80 per cent of his telephone calls applauded the expansion.

Sad. We are caught on the horns of a technocracy where our government can bring three men back alive from 250,000 miles around the moon, but we can't bring 250,000 men back alive from 8,000 miles across the Pacific.

Maker's
Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
it tastes expensive
...and is.
Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.
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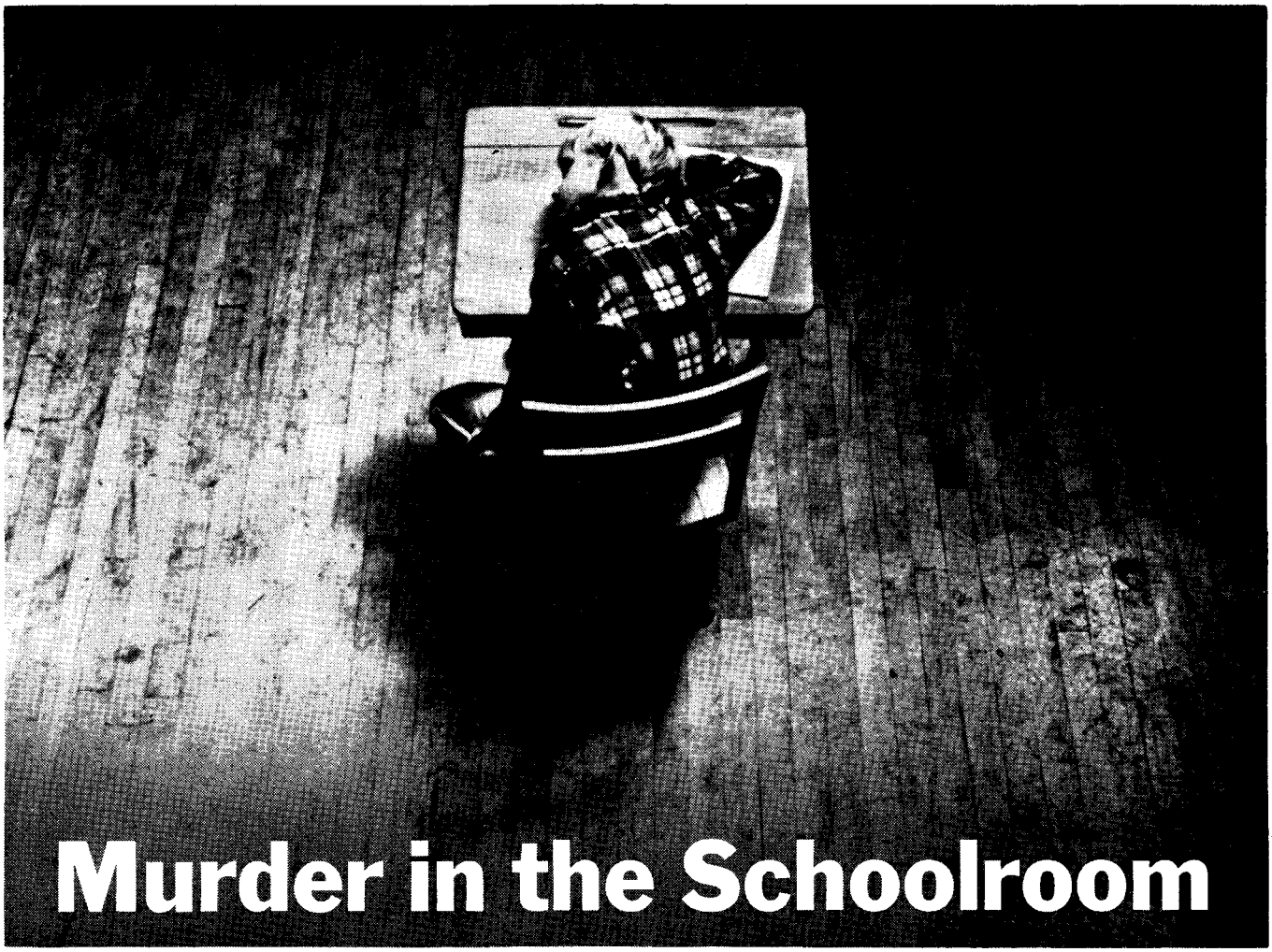

Murder in the Schoolroom

Who did it?

The Teacher?
The Parent?
The School Board Member?
The Superintendent?
The Janitor?
The Professor of Education?

All are hereby summoned as material witnesses to the trial of the American public schools system, beginning in June in The ATLANTIC.

In three articles selected from his new landmark book, *Crisis in the Classroom,* Charles Silberman documents how the public schools educate for docility, thereby stifling the dreams and mutilating the spirits of the American young. The three-part series does not stop at indictment. It goes on to solutions, and demonstrates that these can be found within the present system, without radical departures and great increases in money for the schools.

Murder in the Schoolroom is one big reason why the summer Atlantic — June, July and August — is vital reading for anyone with a stake in the schools — parent, teacher, administrator, politician, would-be educators . . . and students, too.

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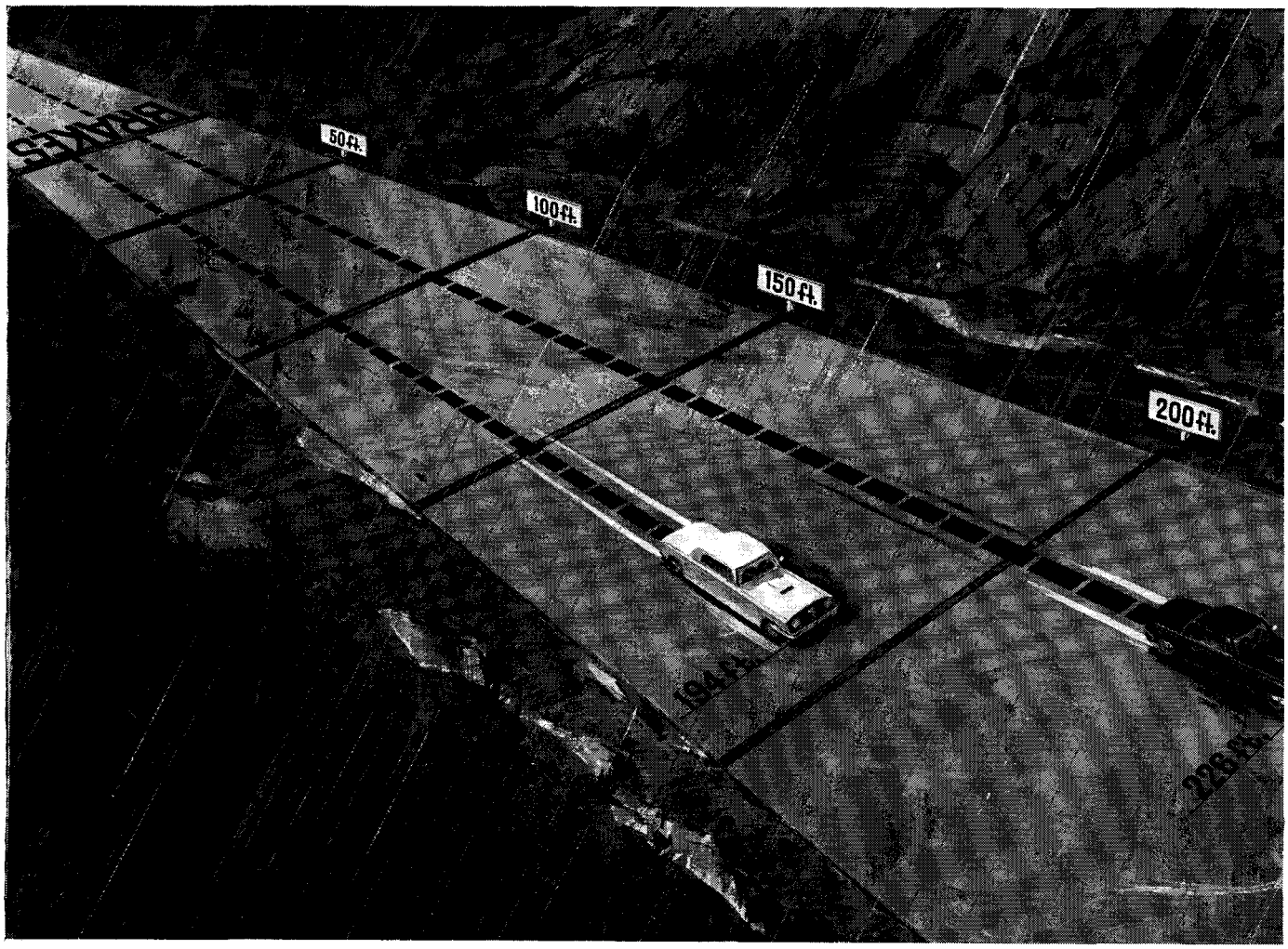

This illustration shows, in a wet-braking test, the car with the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tires stopping almost two full car lengths shorter than the car with the conventional bias-ply tires.

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Polyglas tires You'll see why many 1970 cars.

You're looking at what happened in a wet-braking test. Goodyear tested the stopping ability of conventional two-ply Power Cushion tires against Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tires—the ones on many 1970 car models.

The two cars, identical except for the tires, were braked from 45 mph to 0 on a wet macadam track. The average stopping distance for the car with bias-ply tires was 226 feet. The car with the Polyglas tires had an average stopping distance of 194 feet.

So, the difference was 32 feet, almost two car lengths—and sometimes that can make *all* the difference.

Less squirm means more stopping ability.

The tread grooves of a conventional bias-ply tire (like those tested here) squirm and squeeze together as they meet the road, resulting in loss of traction. But in the Polyglas tire, the fiberglass belts which surround the strong polyester cord body hold the tread grooves open, resulting in less squirm, more traction and better stopping ability.

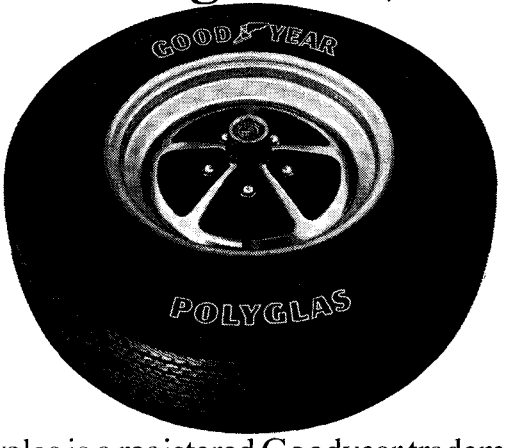
Extra mileage, too.

At our Texas Proving Grounds, Polyglas tires were run for 40 million test miles as engineers kept improving their long-wearing qualities. And motorists have discovered their extra-mileage capability while rolling up billions of miles on cars all across the United States.

If you want to get the benefit of all this testing and experience, make sure you get Polyglas tires and nothing else. Look for the name on the sidewall and remember:

If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.

"Polyglas"
U.S. Reg. #859,703



Polyglas is a registered Goodyear trademark.
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GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Power Cushion, Custom Wide Tread T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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by JOHN CIARDI

Someone Could Win a Polar Bear

I met a Polar Bear among the floes.
He was all Polar Bear down to his toes.
Also from side to side and tail to nose.

He was all Polar Bear from roar to roar.
Sometimes at sixty miles an hour, or more.
I know for certain he was not much slower.

For I was going south after we met,
And doing all of sixty, you can bet,
And still I felt his breathing, hot and wet.

And all because I had stepped on his toe.
I said, "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know
You were a bear. I thought you were just snow!"

I said it as politely as I could.
Somehow I felt he had misunderstood.
And I'm afraid his manners were not good.

He roared what sounded something like "Good-by!"
And so I left. At first I wondered why
He was still there. I wasn't. Jets don't fly

As fast as I was leaving. Still that bear
I thought I'd left kept right on being there.
He had a way of being everywhere.

Or just one step behind. I ran all day
And still that bear stayed just one step away.
Why would he roar good-by and then just stay?

I ran all night, all week, all month, all year.
I'm running still and still that bear is here.
I have a feeling that the end is near,

But don't know how to end it. All I know
Is: I don't want the bear to. If I go
Around in circles for an hour or so

Will someone think and tell me what to do?
Now don't be hasty: think your answer through.
Someone could win a Polar Bear.—Maybe you!

Rules

Whatever way a thing is done
Is wrong, as I hope you know.
For that is the rule of One times One.
It's the way things always go.

It can't be helped and there's nothing to do
Except (as you'll discover)
By the ancient rule of Two times Two,
Which is: *First, do it over.*

And to do it over, as you must see,
Means first you must do it wrong.
That's where we come to rule Three times Three:
Improve as you go along.

If you get it right, right off the bat,
That ends it right away.
What's left to do when you've done that?
You've wasted the whole day!

No boy who starts by doing it wrong
Is finished early, is he?
And if he improves it all day long,
Why, then, his whole day's busy.

Then everything's proper, do you see?
For idleness is to deplore.
Don't be right till it's time to be.
That is the rule of Four times Four.

The Lesson

Of all the fleas that ever flew
(And flying fleas are rather few
((Because for proper flying you
(((Whether you are a flea or not)))
Need wings and things fleas have not got)))—

(I make the further point that fleas
Are thick as these parentheses
((An illustration (((you'll agree)))
Both apt and pleasing to a flea)))—

Now then where were we? Let me see—
Ah, yes—We said to fly you ought
(Whether you are a flea or not)
To have some wings (yes, at least two
((At least no less than two will do
(((And fleas have something less than one
((((One less, in fact (((((or, frankly, none)))))
((((((Which, as once more you will agree))))))
Limits the flying of a flea))))))))))))))).

And let me add that fleas that fly
Are known as Flears. (You can see why.)

All I have said thus far is true.
(If it's not clear, that's up to you.
((You'll have to learn sometime, my dear,
That what is true may not be clear
(((While what is clear may not be true
((((And you'll be wiser when you do.))))))))))

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Today's Typo comes from Lynn Carter, of New York, who found it in *The New York Times* in an article about Judge Blackmun:

> The slender, gray-haired, 61-year-old judge, whose gentle manner and soft speech belie the tough, poor neighborhood of St. Paul where he and Justice Burger grew up only a few blacks apart. . . .

This week we're starting a brand new department. We call it our Where We Stopped Reading Department, and our first offering is an editorial in *Opinion Page*, the semiweekly of Washington County, Oregon:

> A Time to Consider
>
> In the last six months we have seen nearly every kind of demonstration. The point has now been reached at which attempts by the demonstrators to display ingenuity have lost their novelty and have simply become disgusting.
>
> Burning one's draft card is ridiculous. Self-immolation is insane. Sit-ins are so common as to be old-fashioned. Chanting and snake-dancing in the streets is laughable. Smearing blood, or red ink, on draft board records shows the mentality of children, as does the scrawling of peace symbols on walls and buildings. These are the acts of the immature.
>
> We have no quarrel with the peaceful picket. We respect every man's right to be wrong. As Jefferson said: "Error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it." But the recent trend toward abuse of the rights and feelings of others does not. . . .

See, that's where you stop. Right there. Any number can play, but if you go on you're out.

Our annoyance with those TV commercials that put a "g" in luxury apparently hit a nerve. It even brought, from Jeanne Cornell, of Harrison, New York, an explanation. "They have to," she said, "because the studio floor is littered with 'g's' left out of 'strength.'"

Meanwhile, Randolph Karch, of Dillsburg, Pennsylvania, thought it was all "wunnerful." "Please," he wrote, "don't stop. How about a piece on 'athaletics' and those 'varable wins out of the Artic'?"

We just hope it all doesn't get too "eriodite."

Our Sign of the Times was spotted by Reva Rubinsky, of Framingham, Massachusetts. She saw it in the planetarium of Boston's Museum of Science—an inscription next to a model of the moon:

THE MOON
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Everett L. Cuneo

"I knew they were rich," Miss Rubinsky writes, "but." As for our Advertisement of the Week, Gene Carlquist, of Tubac, Arizona, found it on the blackboard of Spears Western Store in Safford, Arizona:

FOR SALE: Used Tombstone. One owner.

"I didn't call," he writes. "It didn't say male or female." In the book field, Mrs. Tove Lund, of New York, was fascinated with an offering from the Department of Transportation's Library Listing:

BIBLIOGRAPHIC INDEX: a cumulative bibliography of bibliographies.

"With a few more of these," she says, "we could have a bibliography of bibliographic indexes to bibliographies." Meanwhile James McDowell, of Indiana State University, favored us with something he found in a recent list of completed dissertations:

> Rogers, James H. "A Comparative Study of Baseball Deflection Between the Horizontal Bat Angle for Bunting and the Forty-Five Degree Bat Angle for Bunting Using Video Tape Analysis." University of Utah, 1969.

"Obviously," Mr. McDowell said, "here is the textbook case of a man who really made some sacrifices to get his Ph.D." Elsewhere on the university front, Mrs. Suzanne Schoen, an instructor of the Development Reading Program of Notre Dame, sent us the results of a current events quiz she gave to her students—"students who," she wrote, "are not remedial cases but rather students who are capable readers who wish to improve speed, complex comprehension skills, and effective learning techniques":

Patrick Moynihan—instructor at Notre Dame
Abbie Hoffman—of Dear Abbie
James Earle Jones—U. of Southern California quarterback
Shirley Chisholm—Irish girl instigator

Your new Mercedes-Benz in Europe:

Easy to arrange here. Easiest way to travel there.

Enjoy your European holiday in the convenience of your own Mercedes-Benz. See what *you* want to see. Forget the crowds. And the schedules. And save money *too!*

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Clement Haynsworth—football player
Cesar Chavez—Bolivian official held captive by Bolivia but later released to Mexico with several others
Golda Meir—"Laugh-In" girl
Hugh Scott—an astronaut
Samuel Beckett—figure in movie with Richard Burton
Bobby Seale—singer
Gil Hodges—comic strip character
Souvanna Phouma—women's rights leader
John Maynard Keynes—adviser to President Nixon
David Kennedy—vice president of Notre Dame's student body

"By way of epilogue," Mrs. Schoen concludes, "Notre Dame has discontinued the Developmental Reading Program due to 'rigid financial priorities.'"

Well, that's *their* story. In any case, speaking of other "rigid financial priorities," the Great Bear Market on Wall Street brought many an old-timer long thoughts of 1929. But where were the people jumping out the windows? Any old-timer can tell you about them—why, he will tell you, there were so many brokers and customers jumping out Wall Street windows you had to pick your way to your office. It's a good story all right—but actually the suicide rate was higher along Wall Street during the summer of 1929, when the market was still up, than it ever was during the black fall. One thing, though—there was humor in 1929. "Were you a bull or a bear?" asked one man. "Neither," replied the other, "a jackass." Another man got sick from his losses and asked a nurse to take his temperature. "What is it?" he asked. "103," she said. "Sell," he said. And, when John D. Rockefeller, trying to stem the panic, said firmly, "My son and I have for some time been purchasing sound common stocks," Eddie Cantor had an answer. "Sure," he said. "Who else has any money left?" Even after the crash, there was reassurance. "To comfort yourself if you lost," said columnist Arthur Brisbane, "think of the people living near Mont Pelée."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1884)

BURT PRELUTSKY:
KOSHER IN THE SKY

I only wish the airlines would make Jewish meals mandatory on all their flights. After a meal that includes potato knishes, glazed fruit, stuffed kasha, noodle pudding and gefilte fish, no one's about to get up and hijack an airplane. No one's about to get up, period.

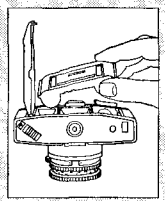
(From West magazine, the Los Angeles Times, Jan. 4, 1970)

The 24 hour camera.

Runs automatically on sunlight, moonlight, candlelight, any light you've got.

This is the *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex camera—for "pictures unlimited," without complications.

It combines the best of everything. Big, bright reflex viewing and focusing. Automatic electronic shutter that times exposures from 1/500 up to 20 seconds. Lens interchange, for wide-angle, telephoto. Flashcube, and electronic flash. Drop-in cartridge loading for color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites. Everything, in fact, to make picture-taking fast, easy, and sure—any time, anywhere.



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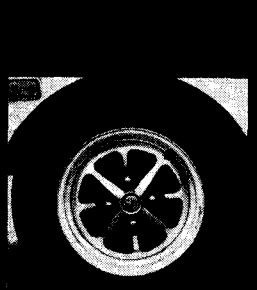
MGB/GT '70

It's like the man who drives it. The exception rather than the rule.



Here's the one GT that isn't aimed at the ordinary man. Its new mag-style wheels, radial-ply tires, and sophisticated recessed grillework reflect someone who intuitively understands the grand touring spirit. Someone who looks for luxuries like molded bucket seats and pile carpeting. And driving features that make the rules. Like the 1798 cc. MG engine, rack-and-pinion steering, and race-proven suspension. That's the MGB/GT '70. The exceptional car for the exceptional man.

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Saturday Review
May 23, 1970

WELFARE

Time for Reform

■ One hallmark of a civilized society is its willingness to care for its poor, ill, elderly, dependent young, and permanently handicapped. Since adoption of the Elizabethan Poor Laws in England more than three centuries ago, Western societies have recognized such care as a public responsibility. Yet, it has become increasingly apparent in recent years that the chief governmental vehicle in the United States for providing such care—Public Welfare—has broken down, both in its ability to achieve humanitarian ends and in public capacity to finance it. Thus, when President Nixon last August proposed a basic reform of Public Welfare, it was justly described as "the most revolutionary government social program since the Thirties." A recent nationwide Gallup Poll has disclosed a 3-to-1 "positive reaction" to the plan, and the U.S. Conference of Mayors, the Committee for Economic Development, the Urban League, and major religion-affiliated charity and social-work organizations have endorsed it specifically or in broad principle.

In the following special section, prepared under supervision of Editor-at-Large Alfred Balk, *SR* examines the crisis in welfare and the ingredients of a possible solution. First, Daniel P. Moynihan, Counselor to the President on urban affairs, gives the case for the administration's Family Assistance Plan as "One Step We Must Take" (p. 20). Next, John A. Hamilton, a member of the Editorial Board of *The New York Times* and a specialist on poverty and welfare problems, evaluates work-incentive programs in "Will 'Work' Work?" (p. 24). Then Richard M. Elman, novelist and author of *The Poorhouse State*, discusses "If You Were on Welfare" (p. 27). In the fourth article, "Toward an Ultimate Solution" (p. 30), University of Chicago economist Yale Brozen, a principal of the noted "Chicago school" of economic theory, writes on the negative income tax. Finally, the chairman of Xerox Corporation, Joseph C. Wilson, who headed the Subcommittee on Poverty and the Welfare System for the Committee for Economic Development, contributes a guest editorial, "Welfare and Pragmatism" (p. 32).

—THE EDITORS.

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ONE STEP WE MUST TAKE

by DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

One of the pronounced qualities of the American political culture of the present moment, a quality that has been emergent for some time and is likely to persist, is a profound sense not so much of national guilt as of unworthiness, of inadequacy. There are, to be sure, pockets of resistance. Hesitantly assertive bands of middle Americans on occasion arouse themselves to celebrate the middlingness of it all, but with more courage than conviction. Anyone the least capable of perception knows that this is precisely the point at issue. America was—is—supposed to be something glorious, and it turns out to be something less than that. Unforgivable. Unforgivable especially to the elites who had reason to expect an elite share of all that gloriousness, and hence the arrogantly penitential spirit of the time.

One has the sense that there are cycles, almost liturgical, in this sort of thing. If this is certainly a moment of excessive self-accusation and even self-abasement, it is just as surely one of overcompensation for excesses of just the opposite nature. Too much of our past—near and far—has been characterized by a kind of mindless self-congratulation and the overestimate of national power that traditionally has invited the wrath of the gods and brought the mighty low. It is a wise people that tempers its pride with humility, that reminds itself that to act is to err—in some measure, however small—and that the unavoidable consequence of great action is some measure of great wrong. That is the life given us, and there is no escape. But neither is there any excuse for becoming preoccupied with wrongdoing and remorse, no excuse for sliding into the "politics of cultural despair," which seem almost upon us at this time.

There are, I think, historical analogues for the national mood of this moment that suggest things may not be nearly so bad as they are commonly depicted. Any number of societies such as our own—and our own—have gone through periods of intense discontent, self-examination, and even self-condemnation, only to see them in retrospect as having been times of enormous cultural vitality and—more relevant to this article—political vitality and innovation.

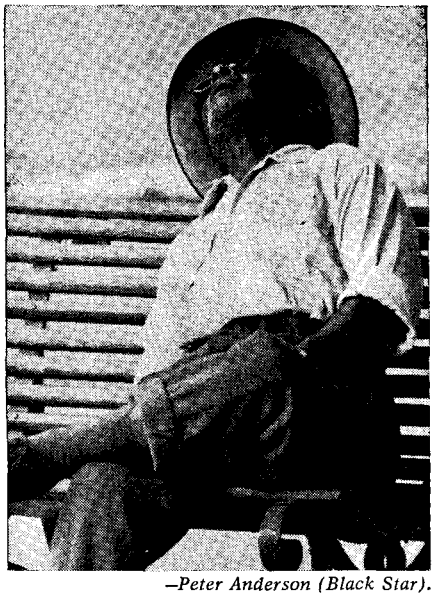
Edwardian England is an example. So also is that *fin de siècle* period in France, a time almost of political anguish in the Third Republic, and yet one looked back to today, and with reason, as *la belle époque*. In our own nation it seems to me that the early years of Woodrow Wilson's administration had much the same quality: A sense that the nation was not responding to crisis with anything like the measure of urgency and profundity that the times required was accompanied by achievement of the very highest and most permanent order. I suggest that we may be passing through just such a historical epoch, one which is characterized by intense dissatisfaction with the time but which in the retrospect of history will be seen as an era of definitive innovation in the social institutions of the republic.

By way of evidence, we have the events in Washington relating to the great and noble commitment the nation made during the 1960s to put an end to poverty in American life. It was indeed such a commitment, yet at the close of the decade there was wide agreement that it had faltered. More accurately, that the measures taken to meet that commitment had somehow not done so—more importantly, were not going to do so. Clearly, in any such undertaking this is a moment of serious crisis. It was a crisis that faced the present administration when it took office, just as it faced Congress, the various government agencies charged with the enterprise, the poor themselves, and the nation at large.

What has distinguished periods of great social creativity, it seems to me, is not the degree or intensity of activity alone—especially received patterns of

—Charles Moore (Black Star).

—Hugh Rogers (Monkmeyer).



—Peter Anderson (Black Star).

"The Family Assistance Plan is not an incremental change. . . . It is a new departure in social policy."

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activity—but rather the emergence of fundamentally new modes of analysis from which patterns of behavior flow. These are the great dividing points in political and social history: It is at such moments as these that historians record the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one. I believe that such an event has occurred with respect to the primal responsibility of a concerned and competent society, namely the problems of poverty and inequality. The nation has moved—or is moving—from a services strategy to an income strategy.

A services strategy, in rough terms, is one that seeks to make up presumed deficits in the behavior of one set of persons by providing them the counsel, advice, and example of another set of persons with presumed surpluses of such behavior. The terms of trade are, in essence, advice in return for deference. Or at least that is how it most often begins. It most often ends otherwise, however, and this is the second of the two fundamental problems associated with the services strategy in combating a problem such as poverty or inequality.

The first problem is that the strategy doesn't work. At least it doesn't work in terms that can be fairly clearly shown and which operate within time frames that make sense in a political democracy. In the long run, as Keynes said, we are all dead, and that long run tends to be rather short in the case of political careers. The reason it doesn't work is elemental. We don't know enough about human behavior to make it work. (For my part I am not sure how much a good thing it would be if we did, but in any event we don't.) This is a view which laymen—that disdainful term of a services society—tend to resist, but is increasingly the social scientist's reluctant task to affirm.

The sources of human behavior elude manipulation, in the mass surely and for the most part in individuals as well. Take so simple a question as reading. Why can't Johnny read? The answer is nobody knows. Recently Eleanor J. Gibson began her Distinguished Scientific Contribution Award paper, published in *American Psychologist*, with just such an observation:

> Despite decades of concern on the part of educators, parents, and proponents of homespun wisdom, we seem to know little more about how to teach reading than our great-grandparents did. In fact we do not even know why it has to be taught. Why doesn't it just grow, like language?

No one knows, and the same observation may be made about endless issues of human behavior in which individuals and groups differ one from the other.

Then there is the second problem having to do with a services strategy. Out of the most selfless beginnings, vested interests of the most troubling kind seem to evolve. The purveyors of services acquire an interest in the maintenance of demand—even the expansion of demand—for their particular product as much as does any commercial interest, and this typically is exacerbated by the conviction of the service class that it is uniquely absolved from anything so sordid as self-interest. I wish this weren't so, but I fear it is.

An example might be drawn from the early programs of the Office of Economic Opportunity, the agency charged with our nation's commitment to put an end to poverty. I have never seen what might be called a cash-flow analysis, but I argue that in altogether disproportionate degree those early antipoverty programs involved the hiring of middle-class persons to provide services to the poor. Some of these services were of a fairly questionable order. Rather too many persons were set up in what Martin Mayer has called the "grievance business." But most of the services were of the most honored and unexceptional kind—medical, legal, teaching, counseling, and such. Obviously many services should be public. There are aspects of medical care that individuals will neglect whatever their income. But the point is that such services should be for *everyone*, not just a special group defined as poor and incapable of making the arrangements "normal" people make. Segregated services deteriorate. Any number of persons have made this point—most recently, and with singular clarity, Donald Rumsfeld, the present director of OEO.

Observe what took place in the first period of OEO. From 1965 through 1969—the first five years of the antipoverty program—roughly $1.5-billion of tax was paid by persons whose income was below the poverty level. During this period, roughly one-third of all income taxes were paid by persons with incomes under $10,000. To what I would expect would be a very troubling degree indeed, the service programs of the war on poverty involved a transfer of income from the poor and the working class to the distinctly nonpoor members of the middle class. Admitting—indeed, insisting—that a good many poor persons got employed also (a good many OEO programs, such as the Neighborhood Youth Corps, were directed essentially to income maintenance), one finds that the really good jobs in a service program must by definition go to college graduates; so that whether they knew it or not and whether they liked it or not the poor were paying considerable indeed for the advice they were getting. It was a flawed strategy, and by the end of the decade the time clearly had come for a new departure.

This is how the income strategy arose—not by chance, and not at all as a result of the actions of any individual, but rather by a process of analysis in which a great many persons in and out of government found themselves engaged. The premises of an income strategy are threefold:

First, the single most powerful determinant of behavior and well-being in society is the level and security of an individual's income. It is as simple as that, and much as a certain folk tradition may resist the truth of the statement, it is without question the single most powerful finding that social science or common sense has ever come up with.

"We need to show ourselves what we can do. We need a success."

Second, the most efficient role government can play with regard to the social system is that of adjusting inequalities of income — in particular, ensuring a minimum income for those most in need.

Third, the provision of adequate income makes unnecessary the elaborate secondary markets wherein the poor are required to obtain the goods and services—housing, clothing, food, whatever—that other persons obtain in a general market. Thus the segregation of the poor, as well as their deprivation, is avoided.

Probably the most basic domestic decision President Nixon made on taking office was to opt for an income strategy against the problems of poverty and inequality. It was an option early in evidence. In April 1969, the President proposed that the government stop taxing persons whose income was below the poverty level. A simple enough idea *in the context* of a mode of analysis that makes it simple; $650-million per year was involved in the administration proposal. It would have been far more attractive to a traditional mode of analysis to put the money into some new service program. Certainly it would have been more visible. But just as certainly an income strategy dictated that the money should be left in the hands of the

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low-income persons who had managed to earn it, and that is what the administration proposed.

Then something important happened. Congress agreed. Not because of the rhetoric of the administration proposal, but because the mode of analysis was making itself felt there as well. The country was changing its mind about something fundamental. That is what I mean about eras changing.

There followed in fairly steady succession a series of proposals to expand job training, minimum wage coverage, unemployment insurance duration, and similar income programs begun in past years. Fundamental programs for minority business enterprise and minority employment were devised that were fundamental innovations. Then came the Family Assistance Plan, the single most important piece of social legislation to be sent to the Congress in a generation (or really two generations as we count them today) and the social initiative that will almost surely define the beginning of a new era in American social policy. The legislation establishes a floor under the income of every American family with children. It provides incentives for work and opportunities for work training, job placement, and child care.

The Family Assistance Plan is not an incremental change — a marginal improvement in an old program. It is a new departure in social policy, emerging from a new mode of analysis of social processes. Indeed, it is something more than just that. The Social Security Act, the only comparable legislation in American history, was after all mostly a compendium of ideas we had got from Lloyd George, who had got them from Bismarck. With Family Assistance, the United States takes its place as the leading innovator in the world in the field of social policy. Soon, I expect, we shall be seen as an exporter of social programs to Europe, reversing a century in which the flow has been from Europe to us.

The principles of the program are simple. First, income assistance is not to be conditioned on dependency. Unlike the welfare system of what soon, we hope, will be the past, it is not a system that creates a class of dependent persons and then sustains them in their dependency. It is just as Congressman Wilbur Mills described it: a program that assumes that persons are normally self-sufficient and that helps them through those times when, the barn having burned down, they are not. "All we're doing here," he told the House Rules Committee, "is pitching in and helping this man help himself."

Second, it provides incentives to work and to maintain fundamental family ties, in contrast to a system that had evolved with just the opposite incentives.

One of the responses to Family Assistance that I have found curious is the often intense upper-middle-class opposition to the "work requirement" provisions. In a number of public discussions this has dominated the dialogue to the point where a newly arrived observer could suppose that the issue at hand was the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment. I have heard one Vassar-University of Chicago-lawyer-professor of sociology refer matter-of-factly to the "slave labor" provisions of the bill. The provisions are simple enough. In the event a head of household refuses suitable work or training, the family's annual payment is reduced by $300. I do not much care for this kind of competitive overempathizing on the part of the well to do. It is no more attractive than the opposite kind of moralizing one got from

—Jim Marshall (Black Star).

"America was—is—supposed to be something glorious, and it turns out to be something less than that."

the Webbs. It will be recalled that they were not at all impressed by Lloyd George's reforms of 1908-11. Beatrice wrote:

> To us, the compulsory insurance with automatically distributed money allowances during illness or worklessness, with free choice of doctor under the panel system, would not and could not prevent the occurrence of sickness or unemployment. Indeed, the fact that sick and unemployed persons were entitled to money incomes without any corresponding obligation to get well and keep well, or to seek and keep employment, seemed to us likely to encourage malingering and a disinclination to work for their livelihood.

(I am not quite sure about that "obligation to get well and keep well," but I would speculate that the former Miss Potter was a bit closer to attitudes that working-class people of necessity impose on themselves than were some of her contemporary emulators. Americans work—hard. They have a right to expect that others will also do so as a condition of benefiting from a program so utterly without precedent as Family Assistance.)

Third, income assistance does not create a new service class to carry out the program, but, to the contrary, will be administered with the same sense of large-scale, nonmoralistic efficiency that is the distinctive contribution of American culture to the style of post-industrial society.

The Family Assistance Plan passed the House of Representatives on April 16 by the heavy margin of 243 votes to 155. There is hardly a limit to the credit deserved by Congressmen Mills and John Byrnes for their leadership in the Committee on Ways and Means and on the House floor in bringing about this passage. John Gardner and the Urban Coalition, businessmen such as Joseph C. Wilson and Ben W. Heineman, labor organizations such as the AFL-CIO, and, without exception, the major religious organizations of the nation came together in an alliance at once singular and spectacularly effective in helping to see that what needed doing was done. But there was also at work the power of analysis, of a new way of looking at old problems, and this fundamentally is what has changed.

Family Assistance now must be acted on by the Senate, and the administration has the greatest confidence that the bill will receive attentive, serious, and in the end favorable consideration there. The bill now before the Senate was amended by the Ways and Means Committee, and it was improved by that committee. We expect it can and will be improved yet further by the Senate, which has asked specifically for administration proposals with respect to the seemingly endless "sudden death" public welfare provisions whereby a recipient is eligible for very considerable benefits up to a certain point, whereupon an extra dollar's earnings wipes out his eligibility altogether. (Medicaid is a notorious example.)

The legislation thus is well on its way. But it is not by any means assured of enactment. Curiously, it is perhaps as much in danger from those who think benefits are too low as it is from those who think them too high. (Family Assistance, with food stamps, would provide a family of four lacking outside income with something more than $2,400 per year. But of course the

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real impact of the program is on those who do in fact earn a living but not quite enough of one.) The hard fact is that an extraordinary effort was required to find the funds to begin the program at the proposed level. It is just not possible to go higher. The money isn't available.

No one likes the idea that money is so short and will continue to be for the first half of the decade. Few expected this to be the case, and many have difficulty even now accepting what has emerged as unavoidable fact. In January the administration took the unprecedented step of publishing a five-year budget forecast, in the 1970 Economic Report. We forecast that over the five-year period there would be only $22-billion excess of new revenue over existing claims, and that this would begin only in fiscal year 1973. In April, Charles L. Schultze, the distinguished former director of the budget under President Johnson, now with the Brookings Institution, published a projection that, in the words of *Business Week*, "adds considerable detail to Administration figures, and amply confirms them." A middle range of defense expenditures, according to Schultze's group, would produce $23-billion; a low level $36-billion; and a high level none at all.

By comparison with the recent past, this means a period of very stringent budgeting, especially if we are to meet other priority needs in areas such as health and education. (The President has sent to Congress a message on Economy in Government proposing that a number of unnecessary government programs be discontinued in order that funds now used for them may be made available for genuine priorities. If Congress could act on that measure we would all be in a somewhat easier situation.)

The present measure does not exhaust those things that men of good will would like to do. It simply reflects what we are now able to do. To go further now would imperil this whole bold, breathtaking enterprise. No one could want to do that. We welcome discussion of goals the nation should meet. Senator Abraham Ribicoff's suggestion that the federal government formulate goals in this area to be attained by the 200th anniversary in 1976 is a good idea and very much in line with the President's own thinking. In this way we can best hope to match specific measures to the availability of specific resources for attaining them.

There is a good deal of drudgery in this route, but in the end there is triumph. Poverty will have ceased to be a condition in which any American could live as a normal experience. It is the kind of thing history remembers you for.

And in the short term something no less important will have happened. We have been in a time of deepest trouble —inward, not outward, trouble. The issue has been confidence in ourselves, in our competence, and perhaps most of all in our goodness. We need to show ourselves what we can do. We need a success. Family Assistance gives us an opportunity. And we had better use it.

For, if we lose this opportunity, I simply cannot see when it will come again. Here we are in the depths of despond, pervaded with a sense of our inadequacy, even our unfitness. Yet at this very moment it is within the power of that great majority of the American people who love their nation—who wish to see it healed and whole—to enact a social program that will cause future generations to regard us as an anguished and often agonizing people who were somehow touched with glory. Others would say, and I would not deny, that recognizing it or not, what posterity will in fact be contemplating is a generation of Americans who for all their failings were capable of great things and did great things.

Profile of the Poor

POVERTY in the United States is more prevalent among elderly persons than among any other age group. In 1968, the elderly poor (sixty-five years of age and over) numbered 4.6 million, or 18 per cent of the total poor, and they constituted about 25 per cent of all aged persons. . . .

The largest group of poor persons consists of children under eighteen. About 10.7 million children are poor, and they constitute 15 per cent of all children under eighteen. About 60 per cent of all poor live in families headed by a male, the remainder in families headed by a female. . . .

Poor children in . . . nonwhite families headed by women rose by more than a half-million (or 35 per cent) between 1959 and 1968, despite an overall decline (about 38 per cent) in the number of poor children in this period. . . . Poverty among children is also highly correlated with the size of families . . . about 44 per cent of all poor children are in families with five or more children. . . .

Of all population groups, households with dependent children that are headed by women have the highest likelihood of being poor. Among whites, 36 per cent of all such households were poor in 1968; among nonwhites, 62 per cent. . . .

It should also be noted that the number of nonwhite poor in families headed by women increased by about 700,000 (or 24 per cent) between 1959 and 1968, despite an overall decline in the number of poor persons. The number of poor white persons in such families, on the other hand, declined by about 16 per cent, leaving the total number of persons about the same in 1968 as in 1959. The most obvious cause of poverty among families headed by women is the need of mothers to stay at home. . . .

Of the 39.5 million people who were classified as "poor" in 1959, some 7 million, or about 17 per cent, were receiving some form of cash allowances under public assistance. In 1968, of the 25.4 million poor people, some 10 million, or about 40 per cent, received such assistance. . . . Over the period from 1960 to 1969, the total amount of cash living allowances under public assistance almost doubled. . . .

Most southern states have had a reduced welfare population, while the northern industrial states have experienced a sharp increase in their rolls. To what degree public assistance payments, which are lower in the South than the North, account for this migratory pull is not known. Many authorities feel that the possibility of jobs at good pay has been a greater factor than welfare assistance in inducing migration. . . .

[An] unpleasant and unpalatable fact about the present welfare system in the United States is that those who must avail themselves of it in order to exist are consigned to a very low level of subsistence—even in states with the highest maximum benefits. . . . About half the states provided an allowance for a family of four of $2,400 or more, while below that the allowance ranged down to $600 a year. . . .

These figures speak eloquently of the real failure of the welfare "system," namely, its reflection of the larger national failure to have a proper regard and concern for the welfare of its less fortunate minority.

—*Improving the Public Welfare System,*
Committee for Economic Development, April 1970.

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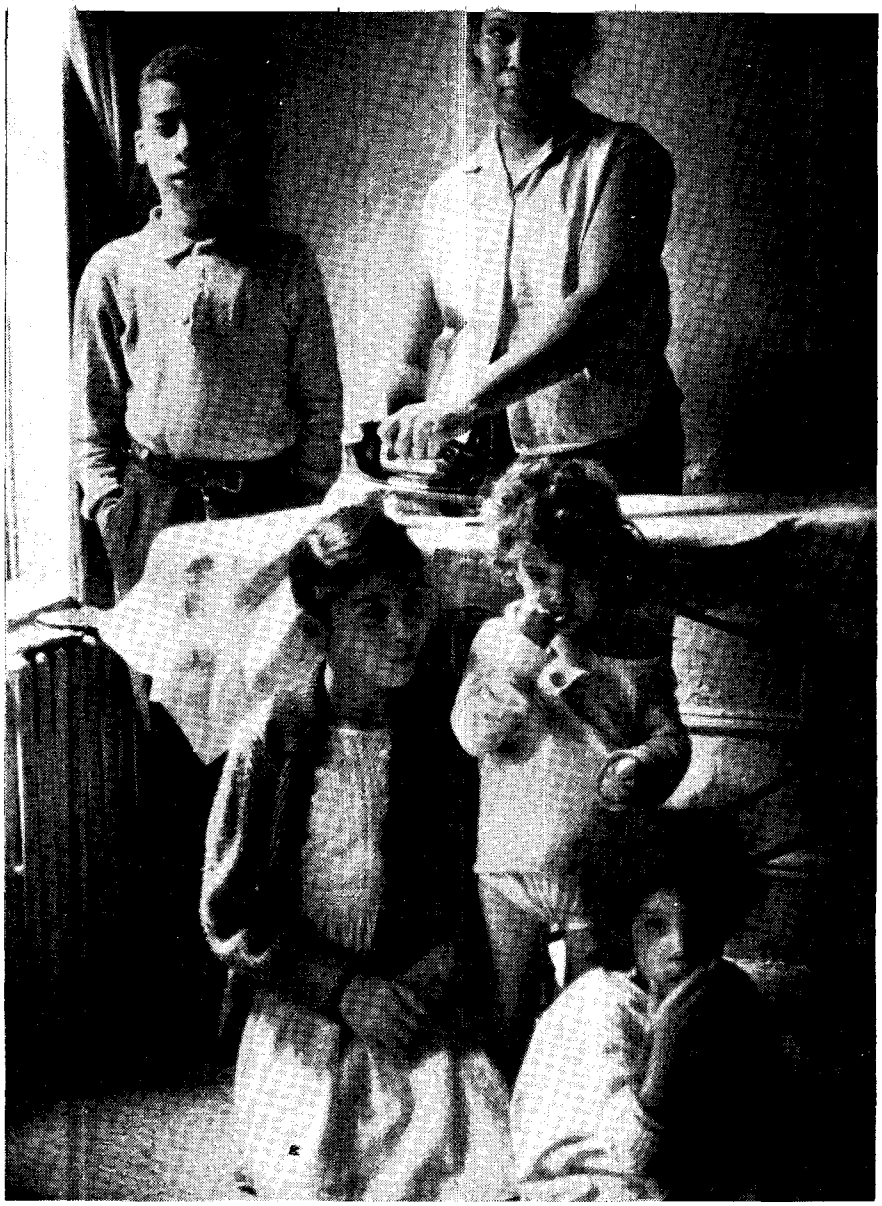
WILL "WORK" WORK?

by JOHN A. HAMILTON



—Harry Schlack (Monkmeyer).

"The poverty problem in its most intractable form is not the employment problem. It is the fatherless family problem."

Almost everyone talks about work as the solution to the welfare problem, and work commands a noble place in American society. President Nixon won broad support for his Family Assistance Plan, the central feature of which is the transforming of "welfare" into "workfare." "Rather than focusing on income support activities," he said of the new direction he was giving the nation's antipoverty agency, "it must find means of providing opportunities for individuals to contribute to the full extent of their capabilities."

Former President Johnson had spoken even more glowingly about work when he expanded the government's manpower training efforts: "In every city, there are men who wake up each morning and have no place to go, men who want to work but cannot break the confining welfare chain or overcome the barriers of lifelong discrimination or make up for the lack of schooling and training. When we talk about unemployment, we are talking about these citizens who want and need personal dignity and a stake in America's progress. When we talk about manpower training programs, we are talking about hope for these Americans."

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller created his own Manpower Resources Council not long ago, saying: "It is clear that there is no more effective use of public funds than in the creation of a trained, employed, productive worker. Employment offers the real end to poverty and to welfare rolls for many Americans."

Even so, in framing a solution to the welfare problem, which is the poverty problem, we must keep quite clearly in mind who exactly are the poor. We must know who is working and who is not working, who can work and who cannot work. The President's Commission on Income Maintenance Programs, a study group established by President Johnson, delved into the welfare problem for twenty-two months and released its report almost simultaneously with President Nixon's release on his Family Assistance Plan. There were areas of similarity and areas of difference—the commission was a bit more generous, setting the floor for income to be maintained for a family of four at $2,400 rather than the President's $1,600; the commission also abolished all welfare categories, while the President maintained them and neglected to include childless couples, for example, among those eligible for assistance.

A major difference turned on the attitude toward work. Both programs would provide subsidies for the working poor, but where President Nixon stressed work—even required it as a condition for continuing to receive aid—the commission almost discounted it, and noted how relatively few of those now on welfare could reasonably be expected to work. It reported that in 1966 there were 4.5 million heads of poor families under sixty-five, and that of this number 3.3 million already worked. It said that of the remaining 1.2 million heads of families more than three-fourths were ill, disabled, or women with young children; of the remaining 230,000, there were 127,000 either in schools or simply unable to find jobs. Therefore, of twenty-five million Americans officially poor, only about 100,000 now on welfare can be considered prime prospects for the job market, and even this figure may be exaggerated. Many of this number are suspected of having special disabilities, such as psychological problems, that would preclude employment.

None of this is meant to disparage

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employment efforts altogether. While although most of those on welfare are unemployable women and children, increased employment opportunities and higher wages for men will have some impact on welfare rolls. When a man makes better money, he can take better care of his family. Certainly discriminatory hiring practices and inequitable pay scales require revising. Blacks continue to be routinely excluded from the construction trades —an especially serious injustice since the New York Department of Labor reports that the construction industry is the only goods-producing industry offering more jobs in New York State in 1965 than in 1955, and that it anticipates the creation of 60,000 construction job openings by 1975. Discriminatory wage scales across industry generally force blacks to accept from 16 per cent to 35 per cent less pay for the same work. This differential is what Paul Siegel has called "the cost of being a Negro."

Experiences in Detroit after that city's 1967 riot illustrate why, even though employment efforts are no "answer" to the welfare problem, they deserve encouragement. The Ford Motor Company started recruiting members of the hard-core unemployed in the city's slum areas—dropping all pre-employment tests except an initial interview and physical examination—and quickly hired several thousand men for its River Rouge complex. In the foundry at the Rouge, where it is eternally dusk regardless of the hour outside, and to be heard at all a man must yell into another man's ear, two of the hard-core unemployed added to Ford's payrolls told me what their jobs meant to them.

Raymond Edmond, a bent oak of a man with a wide, sweat-streaked face, is forty-nine and a native of Columbus, Georgia; he had come to Detroit after the Second World War looking for steady work, but never really found it until hired by Ford, after standing in a long, double-line at one of the company's ghetto hiring halls. "I loves it," he said of his job. It pays him $3.55 an hour and puts him in the middle-income bracket nationally. The most he previously had been making at part-time work was $1.50 an hour. Edmond's foreman said that he has been a willing, steady worker. At first, Edmond had been assigned to watch three converging lines of parts in Core Room No. 1, a section of the foundry where sand coreboxes are prepared for the molten metal that is poured into them to cast transmission boxes and cylinder heads. The converging lines were labeled "A," "B," and "C," and Edmond could not handle the assembling assignment because he did not know his ABCs. Then he was switched to other tasks, which he performed well.

Ollie Pleasant, another of the hard-core unemployed hired shortly after Detroit's riot, works in Core Room No. 2, which is lighter and not as hot as Core Room No. 1, but noisier. He is fifty-four and lives just off 12th Street in the heart of Detroit's riot area with his wife and nine of his twelve children. Before coming to work at the foundry, he had been on relief, and it had bothered him. "I kept telling 'em I needed work," he said. "They'd always give me a test, and I wouldn't pass. I went back a lot of times." Shortly after being hired under the revised rules, Pleasant had caught the flu and missed a few days work. Then he was arrested for driving in a heavy rainstorm without any windshield wipers, and he missed more time. When he showed up at the personnel office to pick up some back pay, he was told not to return. The personnel worker meant for him not to return to the personnel office, but Pleasant thought he had been fired. A member of the city's antipoverty staff working with the hard core in the pilot project at the foundry checked into Pleasant's case and straightened out the misunderstanding, and I am told that Pleasant has been a regular worker ever since. "He actually cried when we told him he hadn't been fired," a black union steward recalled. "He really wanted a job."

There are bound to be other Raymond Edmonds and Ollie Pleasants, and it is important that redoubled employment efforts reach them. Also, if further polarizing of society is to be avoided, income maintenance programs that reward work and lift families to a little better standard of living must win support.

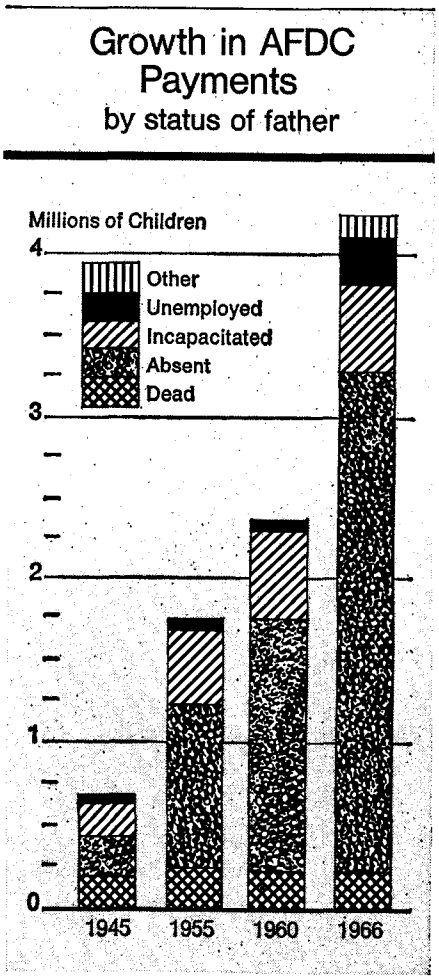
The Office of Economic Opportunity income maintenance experiments being run in New Jersey and in Scranton, Pennsylvania, seem generally successful. Similar experiments are under way elsewhere in the country, including Seattle, Washington, and Vermont. Based on preliminary results, OEO researchers report that persons receiving family assistance payments have a greater incentive to work than persons not receiving such assistance, that they spend their additional money wisely, and that the administrative costs of the program are low.

The New Jersey experiment involves 1,300 families. Half receive supplements, half do not. The first payments were made in August 1968, and the program has been carefully monitored from the start. Most recipients strongly favor the program. "It's an honor to work," said one in an evaluation survey. "We are trying to plan ahead," said another. "In three years, I might be making good money, and by then the kids will be older and my wife could possibly work. It sure has raised our standard of living."

This evaluation, however, needs careful qualification. The New Jersey experiment is a strictly limited one. It includes only male-headed families. The poverty problem most seriously afflicts female-headed families.

The federal government's Work Incentive Program (WIN) is aimed at the female-headed family actually on welfare. It is more precisely a forerunner of the President's Family Assistance Plan in that it encourages welfare recipients to take jobs by continuing partial welfare payments until they reach certain income levels. The sad news is that this program does *not* seem to be working very well. Concerned about it, the Senate Finance Committee asked welfare specialists in the Library of Congress's Legislative Reference Service for a report. "The WIN program is off to a slow start," said the report. "Almost every element of the program has been disappointing. . . . Thus far, the program has had a history of missed estimates, and revised estimates, only to be missed again."

In New York State in mid-April



Source: The New York Times, from Department of Health, Education and Welfare statistics.

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Governor Rockefeller announced that "more than 10,000 public assistance recipients have been placed in jobs and training programs since the Work Incentive Program started." This is an impressive figure. Only 1,588, however, are employed, and the rest are in training with the prospect that some will never emerge onto payrolls at all.

Indeed, despite efforts of the Department of Labor, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the manpower agencies at all levels of government, as well as the National Alliance of Businessmen and Urban Coalitions across the country, the pool of the hard-core unemployed expands. "At the time we started two years ago," a spokesman for the National Alliance of Businessmen said recently, "we had estimates of somewhere between 600,000 and 700,000 [hard-core unemployed]. The latest figure I have seen is 1.2 million."

In New York City, while the growth in the number of persons on welfare has slowed some in recent months, the rise has been dramatic and steady for many years. One in eight New Yorkers is now on relief. The welfare rolls increased by a quarter of a million from 1947 to 1965, and by another quarter of a million from 1965 to 1967, when sociologists thought that surely the hump had been passed—and then by still another quarter of a million from 1967 to 1969. There were 500,000 persons on welfare in New York City in 1965; there are more than one million on welfare today.

The availability of employment has seemed to have pitifully little to do with welfare. Jobs of all sorts now go begging, many of them requiring little or no skill at all. Former New York City Council President Francis X. Smith has insisted that there is a job available for every able-bodied adult on welfare. His partial survey of employment agencies last year uncovered more than 15,000 openings for the unskilled, hard-core unemployed, and he estimated that probably twice that many were in fact available. He said that many jobs included training programs and that workers could begin at a minimum of $125 a week.

"There are 900 vacancies for letter carriers in New York City," asserts a spokesman for a postal workers union. The wages are not high, but they beat welfare for all except those with extremely large families. The work is clean; the benefits, not bad. Arthur Gore, spokesman for the New York taxicab industry, bitterly recalls efforts to hire welfare recipients and to train them and put them to work right away. "Out of all the people who were on welfare," he said, "we got only forty-seven responses. We have openings now."

Employment statistics do not relate to welfare statistics. Other statistics, however, do. There has been a shocking increase in the breakup of the Negro urban family. The rise in welfare parallels the rise in family instability. In 1960, 23 per cent of all urban black families were headed by a female; in 1968, the figure had risen to 29 per cent. These are the poorest families—the "lower-lowers" in the jargon of the sociologists—and they tend to have the largest number of children. More than half of the nation's poor urban blacks now live in fatherless families. It is a statistic that deserves sober pondering.

There are more than 150,000 fatherless families now on New York City's relief rolls, which, overall, are 50 per cent black and 40 per cent Puerto Rican. These families have 500,000 children. This is a social catastrophe. There are more fatherless children living on relief in New York City than there are citizens of all ages and stations living in most other American cities—more than live in Memphis or Denver or Atlanta or Minneapolis; more than live in both Providence and Des Moines combined.

Across the nation an increasing number of fatherless children, many of them born out of wedlock and all of them suffering special privations, jam into inner-city areas, where housing deterioration outruns housing rehabilitation, and where the schools are poor and health services inadequate. The children run loose. It is not racist to point out the consequences of this situation. Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, the noted Negro sociologist, did it several decades ago:

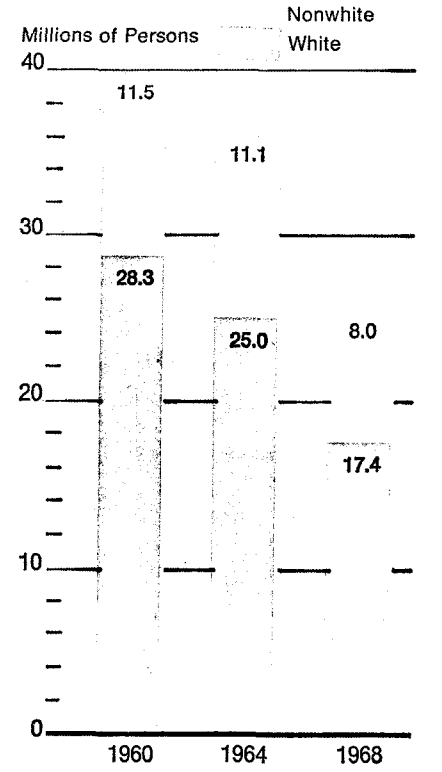
> As the result of family disorganization, a large proportion of Negro children and youth have not undergone the socialization which only the family can provide. The disorganized families have failed to provide for their emotional needs, and have not provided the discipline and habits which are necessary for personality development. Because the disorganized family has failed in its function as a socializing agency, it has handicapped the children in their relations to the institutions in the community. Moreover, family disorganization has been partially responsible for a large amount of juvenile delinquency and adult crime among Negroes.

The welfare problem is the poverty problem, but the poverty problem in its most intractable form is not the employment problem. It is the fatherless family problem. The paradox in this generally prosperous nation is that poverty afflicts most severely the fatherless children of nonwhite women. Their ranks increase. The welfare rolls grow.

President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan, therefore, even though a distinct improvement over the present welfare system, is no real answer to the welfare problem. It will help some: The Raymond Edmonds and Ollie Pleasants as well as the mothers on welfare who want to work deserve job opportunities; discrimination in employment and in pay scales must end; slum conditions in all their brutal totality cry for improvement, and simple humanity urges the nation to make a positive response. But solve the welfare problem? Solving the welfare problem requires solving the fatherless family problem, and solving this problem does not suggest a national family-assistance program so much as a family-planning program. It does not require making payments for having babies, but, on the contrary, making payments for not having babies; reforming abortion laws and birth-control services; and possibly enforcing strict parental laws.

In central Harlem health areas there are now more illegitimate births than legitimate ones. Although the poor and the near-poor do not want any more children than the nonpoor—Frederick S. Jaffe's recent study showed that nonwhite wives wanted an average of 2.9 children, while white wives wanted an average of 3.3 children—they tend to

Americans Below Poverty Level
1960-1968



Source: U.S. Bureau of the Census, "Current Population Reports," August 1969.

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beget more children. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare reports that the birth rate among the poor and near-poor is half again that of the nonpoor.

I remember touring rural Florida not long ago with members of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, visiting migrant labor camps in Collier and Lee counties and a barracks-like double row of two-story concrete apartments in Immokalee, where an unmarried mother of four children lived with other welfare recipients. Rosalee Bryant was nineteen. She had had her first child when she was thirteen. One of her children had been born deformed and lay helpless in the bed. The others raced in and out of her cramped, one-window apartment. "I can make it pretty good in the summers," she told me, explaining that she could occasionally get away to supplement her welfare income by working in the fields. "It's tough in the winters, though."

She was an attractive girl. Her sweatshirt was emblazoned with yellow letters reading: FLOWER POWER. She explained that she had not wanted to have children so soon. "If I only knew then what I know now," she said, shaking her head.

There were, according to estimates, approximately five million medically indigent females of childbearing age who needed subsidized family planning services in 1967. Only about 700,000 actually received them. The average annual cost of supplying these services has been calculated at only $30 per person. In those statistics lies the prerequisite for solving the welfare problem. And we must face the fact that too little is being done.

—*William E. Barksdale (Nancy Palmer).*

IF YOU WERE ON WELFARE

by RICHARD M. ELMAN

I pity the young ones. They still want things. With me it's different. You know, it never seemed as if I had the right to expect anything. I remember when I wanted to visit my niece in Lake George. I had to ask them for the money, and they made it seem like they were doing me such a favor. Ever since then I have always felt that they have been doing me these favors, and I don't want to ask for anything more than I need. . . . At my age there isn't much you need; so I always say, "No, thanks," as nicely as I can. It's better that way because, if they can say yes, they can also say no. Why start trouble?

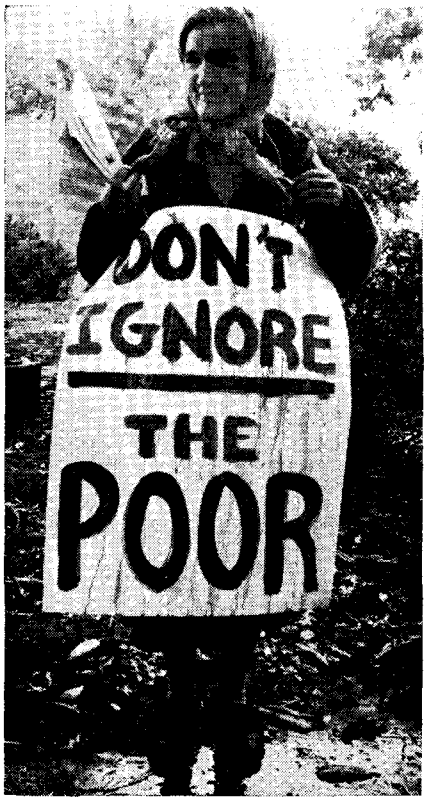
When I was young, people were talking then of eliminating poverty. It didn't do me any good. I've seen three big depressions in my life and three or four wars, and I've known a lot of people on Welfare. They are just like everybody else except they are different. You know what I mean? They don't have anything . . . anything at all except Welfare.

—The Poorhouse State.

In a fat, rich country such as this proposals about doing something for the welfare poor generally fall into two distinct categories: either hypocritical or else niggardly and grudging. The poor are believed to be a social problem. Something must be done about them, *for them, with them.* The poor exist. They demand sustenance. Will $1,600 a year sustain? To the urban black or Puerto Rican, or any of the declassed workers of the current recession, the proposed guaranteed sum of $1,600 a year simply guarantees that they will continue to be impoverished. In Alabama or Mississippi, on the other hand, such a sum may be a vast improvement over the absolute starvation amounts of $50 or $60 per family which is presently being doled out each month.

My mother gets $7.10 a month for gas and electricity. She pays about $30 [every two months]. You want to know why? I'll tell you why. We use the stove to heat the rooms. We burn the lights at night so the rats won't go near the baby. Also, it's dark where we live, even during the day. So if I am reading or sewing or studying from a book, I've got to burn the lights. The Welfare knows all this, and they are supposed to do something about it, but they never do. Every month we get this bill, and my mother pays it with the food money. Then she has to prove to the Welfare that she has used the food money to pay for the lights. . . .

I can remember the last time they turned off the lights. It was winter. My mother was so cold she started to cry. Then we all started to cry because it was so dark. We had to eat cold food out of tin cans until the Welfare called Con Edison and they turned the lights back on again. When he comes, my mother is angry with the man. "Pray to God you have not hurt these children. Believe me." Afterwards my little sister was sick for a week.



—*Schlack (Monkmeyer).*

The poor suffer from our complete incapacity to imagine them. They are not us. They are not rich. Who are they?

One might presume to answer that they are ourselves with $1,600 a year or less. Imagine yourself living in a family with an income of $3,200. You will, of

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course, probably not be able to afford *Saturday Review*. You buy few books, not very many records (except, perhaps, for 45 rpms). You do not take vacations. The great questions of our time do not interest you.

A good part of your life is spent worrying. You have been afflicted with this terrible blight, and you wish to survive, make the most of it—that is, if you still feel human. Then you worry if there is enough food, if your children have the right clothing, about the rent, or the habits of your neighbors. You worry about the mail and if your check will arrive on time. Perhaps you worry what your children will be like ten years from now, or what you will be like. Or perhaps you are so far gone from a life of bare and bitter caring that you have begun to worry abstract-

"The poor suffer from our complete incapacity to imagine them. They are not us. They are not rich. Who are they?"

ly: about baseball averages, Diahann Carroll, or the problems of Mrs. Onassis.

At this point you may be saying it sounds just like my own life, just like me, myself, and I when we are all finally alone together in one room, after a day at the office or spent in housewifery. There is this major difference: The administration proposes to pay the poor $1,600 to do what the Establishment pays off the middle classes to do at $7,000 or $10,000 or $15,000 or $20,000 or more a year, and we do not usually ask for ourselves, as a condition for such a benefice, that we worry about worrying ourselves out of our livelihoods.

I wish I could remember when I got this sickle-cell anemia. . . . I got two sick kids like me and another in the Kennedy homes in the Bronx . . . and sometimes you get pretty tired, but you just got to do certain things. After all, they say, if you don't take care of these kids, who will? They got a point.

But every time you want something extra from them it's a whole nuisance. Like carfare. Sometimes I got to spend 90 cents carfare for me and the kids to go off to Bellevue, because you can't leave them alone if you got to go there for some reason. And when I come back from Bellevue clinic I got to rush over here to Twenty-eighth Street for that carfare money or else I'm going to run short on food.

Well, even so, they don't just give you your money like that. Sometimes they want proof. Sometimes they say they will owe it to you. You got to be careful about the ones who say that. I learned you got to insist right then and there you want that carfare or else you don't get it. So you just got to sit there and wait for the man until he gives it to you. Sometimes I think I spend half my life waiting somewhere for 90 cents.

Nor do we ask ourselves to surrender the various "inalienable rights" of Americans that are foreign to the poor. Although Americans are "free" to cross state boundaries and choose residences to their liking, for example, special residency laws have been enacted by many states denying this guarantee to the person who applies for public assistance after coming from another state. And although all Americans are supposedly guaranteed freedom from fear of illegal searches and seizures or the arbitrary violation of their privacy, if you are on public assistance or living in a low-income public housing project, you can protect yourself against such actions only at the risk of disqualification or eviction. Large families are penalized with lower benefit levels; small families—such as a mother and one child—often are denied access to public housing.

For more than a hundred years all Americans presumably have been protected against "involuntary servitude," yet functionaries in city and state offices of "employment rehabilitation" do not interpret this to mean that their clients have the freedom to accept or reject work, even if they happen to be husbandless women with families. And if you as a beneficiary of a public assistance program appeal some violation of your rights, some new affront to your dignity, you are not guaranteed an impartial trial by a jury of peers but are brought before an administrative tribunal that can function with only the most perfunctory regard for due process of law.

You want to know how they close a case? I'll tell you. They know the mail is always late for people like us. If the investigator writes a letter to come for an appointment the day after tomorrow and he mails it tomorrow, you will not get the letter in time to come for the appointment. Then he closes your case just like that. It's punishment—you know. Sometimes it takes three months before they write all the papers again to put you back.

Fear dominates your life—fear that the check will be delayed in the mail, fear that your mailbox will be rifled, fear that your caseworker will be replaced (or that he won't be), fear that your landlord may harass you in any of hundreds of large or small ways, fear of violence, fear of life itself. You have no reason to hope for dramatic improvement. The reasons you are on welfare in the first place assure that. You have no education, or no mate, or poor health, or all of these handicaps. The concept of upward mobility is an abstraction. You may still hope your children can escape your fate, but not if you examine their situation with detachment.

The apartment was exploding with heat. It was so hot that one expected to see the thick paint bubbling against the moldings. As she escorted me down the hallway toward her sitting room, Mrs. Escobosa explained in a mixture of Spanish and English that others in the building had filed a complaint last year with the City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration when the building was on rent strike because there was no heat; now her landlord was getting even with her by refusing to turn off the valves, which he controlled from the cellar, even though it was midsummer.

"You see the things I have," Mrs. Escobosa said. She moved on to show me a bedroom with its stained mattresses on the dusty floor, where her children slept. Then she padded about in the heat toward her kitchen, showing me the darkened refrigerator, its door ajar because it no longer worked, the window box in which she kept a little food, the sweating copper pipe in the tin sink, which gushed cold running water over a half-filled bottle of milk. The kitchen was swarming with flies, which clung to the sweat on my face. I said, "You try to do your best, I see. . . ."

The poor do not always work. Most of the rest of us spend our time pretending that what we do with a day is work. We ask only that they pretend like us, and we punish them with more poverty when they don't. Perhaps we should stop kidding ourselves that their enforced leisure is at our expense. It

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may be that it is at *their* expense, if we truly believe in the value of work. It may be that *we* exist at *their* expense, if we truly do believe in the value of a human life.

One wonders what kind of brutes are prepared to pay out $1,600 a year in welfare to the so-called poor when, at the same time, they say they are perfectly satisfied if only 3.5 per cent—rising to 4 or 5 per cent—of the population is unemployed over the next decade? What sort of men are prepared to issue food stamps and order roast beef?

You and I are that sort of man, I'm afraid. We are as dissociated from the humanity of those we call the poor as we often are from our own humanities. If one could only imagine a President or a Congressional leader or an urban affairs adviser getting $1,600 a year, one could begin to believe that these proposals could do something. Then the poor themselves might be credible to us. But just as we and the governmental leaders of this era do not wish to live under terms of such enforced prudence, so, it seems, the poor do not also. They would like to be more beautiful, as in the Clairol ads; more mobile, with a Maverick; or more virile, with a large family. Ask yourself how much of this kind of behavior you can afford on $1,600 a year—$133 a month, $30 a week, $4.40 a day.

Two things I would like from the Welfare are the telephone and movies. I don't care for the TV, but I love movies. Now I know I am not supposed to spend the money [for the children] on such things; so I don't go very often, and when I do go, I worry. They ought to let us go to movies. If I had the right clothes, I would go sometime to see the mayor and tell him. . . . Maybe they ought to have a movie here for all the people on Welfare. It would be like the clinics. . . .

I would like the telephone to speak with my brother, who lives in Queens. Also, sometimes, when the children are sick, it would be nice to have a telephone because now I have to take them with me to a neighbor's house. . . . If it is late, I must send somebody to use the booth on the corner. If only they would put a [pay] telephone in our building it would be better, but the Welfare is the landlord, and they don't want to do it.

When I was writing *The Poorhouse State* in 1966, the welfare mothers of New York City were beginning to organize themselves to pressure a liberal bureaucracy into granting entitlements of approximately $100 a year to purchase sorely needed winter clothing for their schoolchildren. Some simply were hoping to use these extra stipends to help themselves to live. They were extremely successful. They exerted sufficient pressure, and winter coat checks began to pour through the mails. The response of the welfare bureaucracy was to cut back on the number of persons admitted to the welfare rolls, and to raise welfare budgets in general and cut out winter coat entitlements in particular. Since then, three years or more have skittered past; the cost of living for an urban family rises about one-half per cent a month. Boondoggle, anybody?

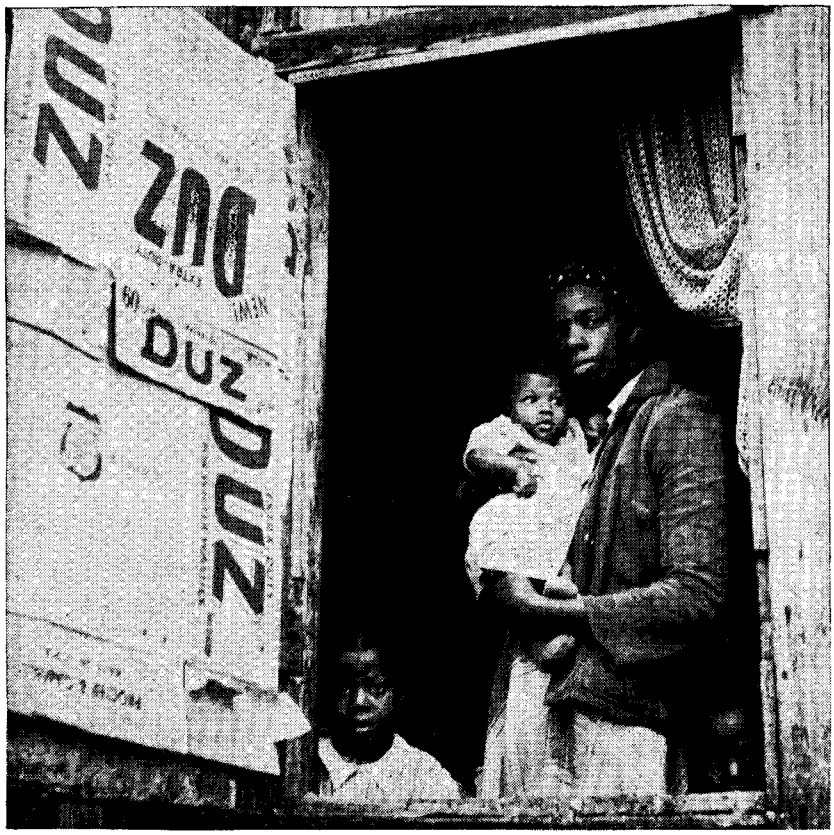
I never knew anybody who made a living on Welfare. Some people say we cheat a lot. Maybe some people like to think they do, but they are poor just the same. Welfare is for poor people. It's not right to say those things about people because only the poor can collect it. You know what I mean? If it is for poor people, how can people say we are cheating?

We have dissociated ourselves as a responsible middle class when we are really in the same boat as the poor and do not care to know it. We tax them with loutishness for taxing us with their needs, though we tell those who are better off than we that they need to be where they are. I believe that any welfare reform that does not begin to address itself to the question of equalizing wealth in this country is simply a way of creating new poverty. It may be poverty at $3,200 a year; it will be poverty just the same.

If we are serious about reform, we should guarantee employment for life to those who must work. The questions of income maintenance and personality adjustment should be made entirely distinct before the law, and work should be considered an option, not a necessity, along with schooling, travel, or other leisure activities. What I am saying is that we ask the poor to join with us in helping to discover a good life for all of us, though I recognize that we do not trust them, nor they us; and that our lives in this country—on this planet—are threatened by problems larger than the poverty of a numerically small number of weakened and deprived persons. If I am being utopian, it is because realistic solutions have simply been the time-honored excuse for more and more brutalized prescriptions for the poor.

In those days I had this man for an investigator, and don't you think he didn't think so? You know what he asked me? He said, "Can't your wife help out?" So I thought I

(*Continued on page* 61)



—Sam Falk (Monkmeyer).

"You may still hope your children can escape your fate, but not if you examine their situation with detachment."

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TOWARD AN ULTIMATE SOLUTION

by YALE BROZEN

Along with other ill effects, our present welfare programs are generating a crisis in government finance. From 1960 through 1969 we have had continually increasing prosperity, diminishing unemployment, and rising wage levels, yet relief rolls have not dwindled as we had expected under these circumstances. The New York City figures reported by John A. Hamilton in these pages are not unique. The cost of public assistance nationally has shot upward from $2.5-billion in 1960 to more than $10-billion in 1969—quadrupling during a period in which it was expected to drop. If we add the cost of hospital and medical care for the needy, institutional care, school meals, child welfare, and food stamps, the total cost of these programs has gone from $7-billion in 1960 to nearly $20-billion.

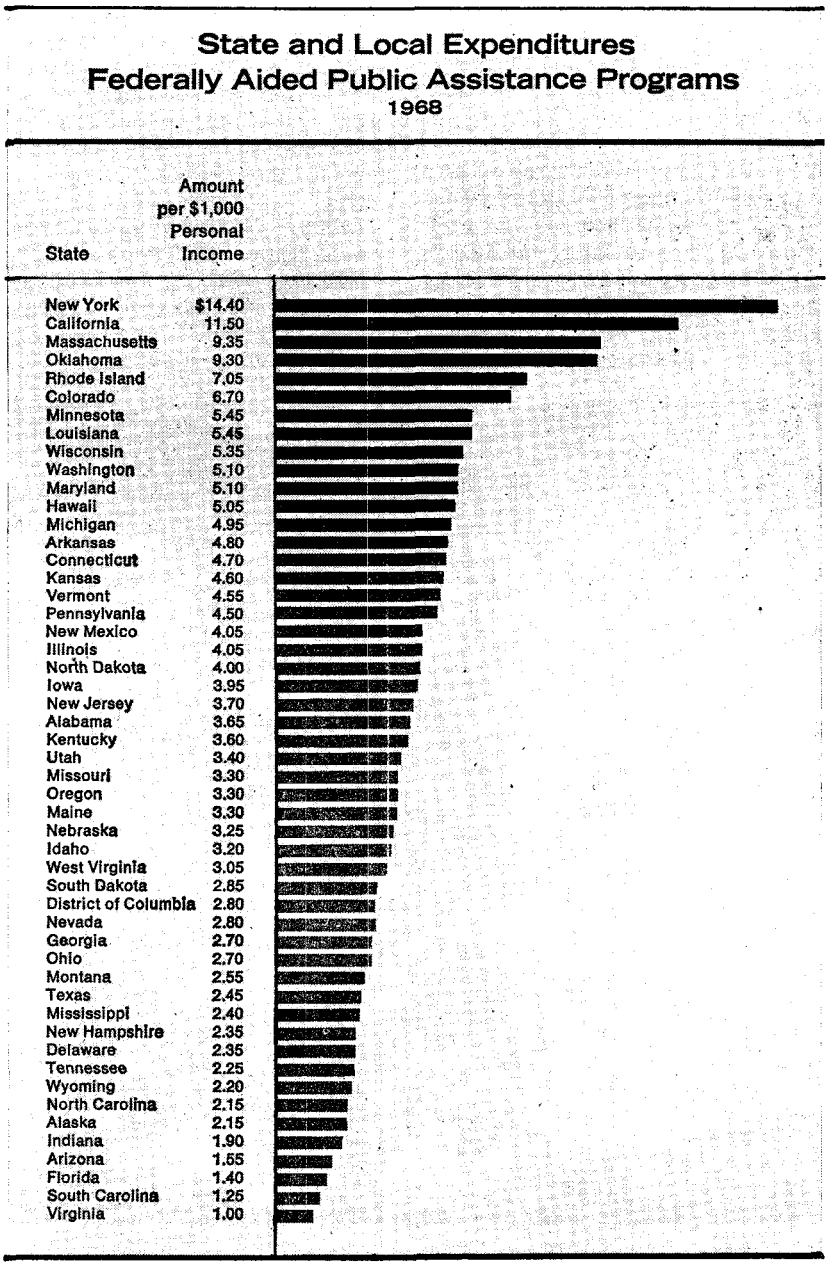
The administration of these welfare programs has become a morass—characterized by some as "an unbelievable morass." Estimates of administrative costs have been as high as $1 out of every $3 spent in the welfare budget. Ninety per cent of the time of social workers is spent repeatedly investigating eligibility, going over needs in minute detail, filling out forms for the many categories of assistance, special funds, and levels of governments.

There are two ways to approach this mess. The programs can be overhauled piece by painful piece. Alternately, a basic restructuring can be instituted through total replacement of present programs with a negative income tax. My University of Chicago colleague Milton Friedman first proposed this plan in his 1962 book *Capitalism and Freedom*, and a growing number of economists have been attracted to it. In my opinion it is the only logical long-term device for implementing the "income strategy" of welfare administration discussed earlier in this section by Daniel P. Moynihan.

The term "negative income tax"—called "reverse income tax" by the British—may seem confusing. It simply means that some individuals—if their annual income falls below a designated level—would not only pay no federal income tax but would receive a "supplement" from federal tax funds. That is, their tax accounts for the year would show a negative balance: a "payout" instead of a "pay-in." Congress would determine the income level at which such "reverse" or "negative" payments would be made, and the extent to which the "dollar gap" in individual incomes would be supplemented. The most prevalent suggested supplement is 50 per cent of the income "gap."

Suppose that, under the federal income tax, we decided to allow each individual a personal exemption of $750, plus a minimum allowance for deductions of 10 per cent. A family of four then could earn $3,300 without paying any federal tax—$3,000 in personal exemptions (four times $750) plus $300 in deductions (assuming the family chose the 10 per cent flat deduction rather than itemized deductions). Any income in excess of this would mean a tax payment to the government.

Now, assume that we decided that any family whose income fell below the $3,300 annual level would receive a supplement equal to half of the difference. A family receiving only $2,300 in income from all sources (including interest from tax-exempt bonds and other tax-exempt sources), for example, would fall short of the zero tax income by $1,000. It would, then, receive a supple-



Source: "Improving the Public Welfare System," Committee for Economic Development, April 1970.

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ment of $500. If it had *no* income from any source, it would receive half of $3,300 or $1,650.

Because every $1 rise in income up to the zero tax base would result in only a 50-cent cut in the supplement, there would remain an incentive to earn an income. A guaranteed annual income of $3,300 with the government supplementing the whole difference between actual and guaranteed income, on the other hand, would provide no incentive to earn anything unless prospective earnings greatly exceed $3,300.

What the negative income tax provides, therefore, is supplementary income to offset *partially* the amount by which a family's income falls below some stated level. It does not provide a fixed supplement for everyone (or for every family with children below some given age) regardless of need, as some proposed forms of guaranteed annual income would do. It would not, then, be extremely costly—which a universal guaranteed income or universal family allowance plan would be.

Nor does the negative tax guarantee whatever amount is required to bring every family's income up to some stated level with a complete cutoff beyond that level. The supplement to income would increase when there is an increase in the "gap" between income and the designated minimum income level nationally. Since the supplement would only partially offset any shortfall, there would not be the same incentive for avoiding the inconveniences and loss of leisure involved in earning an income as there would be under a flat guaranteed income. The program would be administered by the Internal Revenue Service, which already is the collector and custodian of income information on most of the families in the nation.

Administration of various programs could be consolidated easily under this simple structure. There could, for example, be an automatic provision for medical "insurance." Again, using a family of four to illustrate, suppose its income from all sources is $3,500 and that it incurs medical bills of $1,000. With full deduction of this amount, it would report a net income of $2,500. This would fall short of the zero tax income by $800. The family would then receive a supplement of $400, assisting it to this extent in covering its medical bills. With direct payments to the medically needy instead of cost-plus payments to providers of medical services, "competition" among producers of medical care would be retained, rather than incentives for the efficient production of such care being destroyed, as has occurred under Medicare. Patients could shop for medical services instead of having to accept inefficiently produced, high-cost services; since they would bear at least part of the cost of inefficiency, the incentive would be to shop.

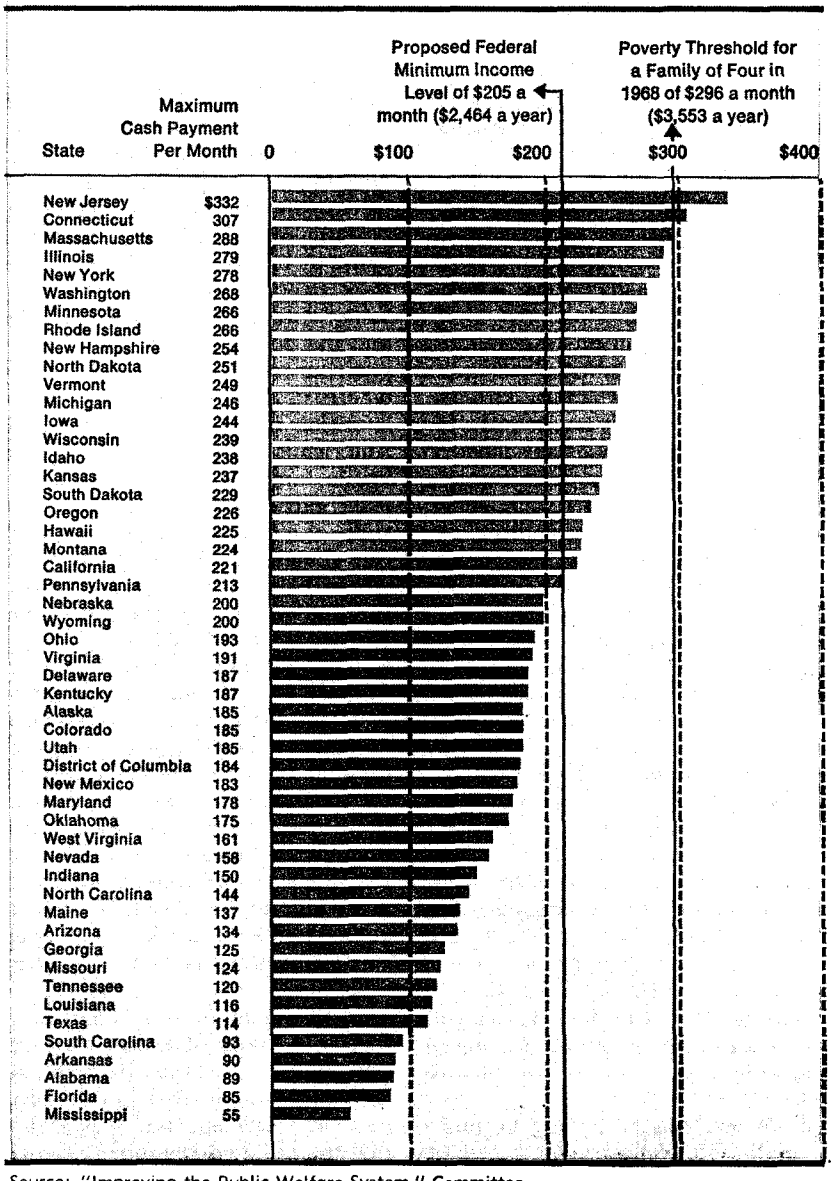
The negative income tax should not be confused with President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan, although there are strong similarities. The Nixon plan is limited to families with children and requires that able adult family members work or accept training when possible; the usual negative tax proposals, such as the one advanced by Professor Friedman, incorporate no eligibility requirements other than the amount of personal income. The Nixon plan incorporates food stamps—a payment in kind—in its income supplement; the negative income tax proposal has no payments in kind. The Family Assistance Plan is linked with state welfare programs; the combination of this and food stamps results, in some instances, at some income levels, in greatly diminished incentives to earn an income. Also, the FAP seems to me to increase incentives to apply for welfare. The FAP forces local governments to continue present welfare provisions as an add-on to the FAP payments. With this provision, total income of welfare recipients in some cases could exceed $12,000 per year before reaching the point where welfare funds are cut off, an absurd level well in excess of the income of the average American family called upon to provide the tax support required for these payments.

The primary virtues of the negative income tax lie in the vices of the programs it would replace. Various welfare programs such as Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) and

(*Continued on page* 60)

Maximum Monthly AFDC Payments by States

FAMILY OF FOUR, AS OF APRIL 1968



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Welfare and Pragmatism

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Joseph C. Wilson, chairman of the Xerox Corporation.*

The new Family Assistance Plan, if it becomes law, marks a major step in the government's much heralded campaign to reduce poverty in the United States.

Unlike many programs surrounded by rhetoric and promises, this plan comes to grips in principle with the one salient, basic fact about poverty: People are poor because they have no money. The proposed program puts a floor under income, and says, in effect, that no American family, regardless of where it lives, shall exist on less than approximately $2,400 a year. This is substantially less than is required to live marginally in the United States. But it is a start, a beginning, and, most important, establishes some sound principles and concepts that can be enriched and improved—and probably will be—as the economy permits.

Equally important, if every eligible family in the nation were to avail itself of the full income subsidy and food stamp provision in the proposed legislation, the numbers of Americans living below the official poverty line would be reduced by almost 60 per cent—from the present twenty-five million to approximately ten million. Instead of 13 per cent of our population being in want, only 5 per cent will be in dire need.

The Arden House Steering Committee on Public Welfare, comprised of leaders of American industry, and the Committee for Economic Development's Subcommittee on Poverty and the Welfare System, both of which I headed, urged the President to advocate an income maintenance program.

Many of us took this position because as citizens we question the equity of an economic system that permits such wide gaps between the affluent and the poor. Many of us believe that our country is at a stage in its history where it cannot afford to tolerate a situation in which twenty-five million Americans—fifteen million of whom are in families with full- or part-time wage earners—do not earn enough to support a family on a poverty level. Of the remaining ten million, most of whom have been receiving assistance through welfare grants, more than 80 per cent are too old, too young, too sick, too disabled, or too blind to work. Of those left, an additional one and one-half million are mothers of young children, most of whom want to work and become self-supporting, but are denied the opportunity because of inadequate or, in many parts of the country, nonexistent child-care facilities. Fewer than 3 per cent of those who have been receiving public assistance are able-bodied, able to work. Their average stay on welfare is less than eighteen months.

From a humanitarian point of view, therefore, most of those who depend upon public assistance are helpless victims of a system that is outworn, expensive, inefficient, and wasteful—and that has not done the job.

From a pragmatic point of view, raising the level of living of those who are dependent is good for the economy, good for business, and good for America. For example: Think of the twenty-five million people living below the poverty line as underconsumers. They want all the goods our economy produces, but they can't afford. The President's program puts a little more buying power into their hands. That extra money will come right back into our economy. If we want a prop under our economy, it would be hard to find a better one.

For many decades, the nation has believed the cost of public welfare has been about 1 per cent of the Gross National Product. Even today, with a GNP in excess of $900-billion, the cost of public assistance to the federal, state, and local governments combined runs only slightly above the 1-per cent level. But suppose social accounting proved that this is a delusion—and has been for many years. Suppose that the true cost of poverty, discrimination, and deprivation in the country is not 1 per cent of the GNP, but more nearly 7 or 8 per cent. Not $10-billion, but closer to $70- or $80-billion a year. At that level, the country has not been getting a bargain. Far from it.

There is evidence that such is, indeed, the case. A sampling of a slum population in Sacramento, California, recently conducted by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, showed that 20 per cent of the total population accounted for 60 per cent of the use of the community's health services; 76 per cent of its tuberculosis; 41 per cent of its police protection; 36 per cent of its juvenile delinquency; 42 per cent of adult crimes; 26 per cent of the fires; and yet paid only 12 per cent of the city taxes. In a second city, for every dollar spent on police, fire, and health services in a good area, the costs in a blighted area were $1.87 for police, $1.67 for fire services, $2.25 for health services.

The same interrelatedness further showed that to be poor is also to be unemployed or underemployed, socially disoriented, and chronically sick.

If this, then, is the price the nation has paid for poverty in the past, any program that shows promise of reducing poverty and ultimately raising the living standard of every American to at least a minimum acceptable standard is a program to be welcomed. This is why major components of the business community have endorsed and supported the President's new program. It is not as generous as it might be. But it is a start, and it establishes the sound principle of need as the sole criterion for help—regardless of geography. We wish it well.

—JOSEPH C. WILSON.

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The Weekend Everyone Went to School

The schools were closed, but never before, in so short a time, had Americans been caught up in so vast an educational experience. Suddenly people found themselves thinking about their relationships to each other and to their government. They were asking themselves searching questions about ultimates—about their history and their future, about the basic design of their society, and about their ability as a people to control great events. The opportunities for learning during the weekend of May 8-10 were infinite. What was learned?

For the policy-makers in government, there were stark, mammoth new lessons to be learned about the connection between cause and effect in the making of foreign policy. They learned that the American people can no longer be counted upon to sit still while their government undertakes far-reaching actions and military commitments without prior notice or debate. The President as Commander-in-Chief is obliged to act in the national interest, but the Presidential Seal is not the final stamp on American history; the ultimate power belongs to the American people themselves. If they feel the authority is being misused or is morally indefensible, they have the historic right and ability to assert themselves, as the framers of the Constitution intended. Nothing is more erroneous than to suppose the President is totally free to commit American lives. The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, as many Senators have since made clear, was never intended to serve as an indefinite detour around the Constitution.

Surprise is a basic factor in the learning process. No doubt the President was surprised by the size, scope, and vehemence of public opinion against his new Cambodian commitment. It was apparent he thought the people had overreacted, and that he had expected them to accept unquestioningly his statement that U.S. forces in Cambodia would be engaged in a "limited" military action. What he overlooked was that these were the precise words used by President Johnson to justify sending American troops into Vietnam. By now, the rhetoric of escalation has produced conditioned reflexes in the American people.

Still another lesson turned up by the events of recent days is that it is no longer possible for the government to contend that opposition to the war is largely concentrated among campus radicals. The arrival in Washington of the full population of various colleges makes it clear there is no longer any significant division among the young people of this country in their view of the war. The culminating effect of the shootings at Kent State was to close campus ranks—not only between radicals and moderates but between students and teachers. The Kent State tragedy, of course, was not the initial but a final cause in a long procession leading to disillusion, distrust, opposition, and anger.

For young people, the most heartening lesson of recent events is that they don't have to demolish the system in order to be heard or to have an effect. The system works if it is properly used. What doesn't work is the use of violence—whether by government or by protesters. What works is the persistent and resolute pursuit of a moral good. The young people have succeeded in opening up direct communications with their government. It is to President Nixon's credit that he left the White House at dawn to mix with the students and to see and hear for himself that their ideas are their own and not the sinister products of a foreign ideology, as he had been told. The encouraging thing, to borrow from the title of a book by Roger Garaudy, is that the students and the President at long last have moved from anathema to dialogue.

If a pervasive sense of purpose is manifest among young people, the same is increasingly true of the adult community. National pride is no longer being measured in terms of hollow victory but in terms of responsibility. Even conservative financial journals have joined in the clamor against the war. A prominent investment analyst has declared that the country will go into an economic tailspin if the Vietnam War does not come to an end and if the power of the military is not severely curtailed. He sees no end to inflation without mammoth reductions in military spending.

The American people have been told repeatedly over the years that our standing in the world is a powerful factor in any total estimate of our security. Never before in our history has there been such an outcry against the United States around the world. The President has declared we must stand behind the flag. But the flag has been planted in places where it ought never to be—and in ways that do not command respect. The English historian Arnold Toynbee has said, more in sadness than anger, that "the transformation of America's image within the last thirty years is very frightening for Europeans. It is probably still more frightening for the great majority of the human race who are neither Europeans nor North Americans, but are Latin Americans, Asians, and Africans. They, I imagine, feel even more insecure than we feel. They feel that, at any moment, America may intervene in their internal affairs with the same appalling consequences as have followed from American intervention in Southeast Asia.

"For the world as a whole," Dr. Toynbee wrote, "the CIA has now become the bogey that Communism has been for America. Wherever there is trouble, violence, suffering, tragedy, the rest of us are now quick to suspect the CIA has a hand in it. Our phobia about the CIA is, no doubt, as fantastically excessive as America's phobia about world Communism; but, in this case, too, there is just enough convincing evidence to make the phobia genuine. In fact, the roles of America and Russia have been reversed in the world's eyes."

The final lesson has to do with the dangerous irrelevance of balance-of-power politics in the present world. A high administration official was quoted as saying that the decision to move into Cambodia was prompted not just by the existence of military sanctuaries for North Vietnamese troops but by the need to demonstrate to the Soviet Union the instant readiness of the United States to take on additional military commitments. This move, the official said, was dictated by the action of the Soviet Union in sending pilots and planes to the Middle East.

One wonders whether one of the reasons the Soviet Union was escalating in the Middle East was that it felt the need to prove to the United States it has the will and capacity to undertake important additional military commitments and risks.

Either way, it is an insane business and constitutes an unspeakable peril to the human beings on this planet. At some point, the students—and everyone else concerned with world peace—are going to have to face up to basic causes and realities. There can be no peace in the world so long as nations are the ultimate form of social and political organization, with unlimited power to act contrary to moral principle and the human interest. Anyone who genuinely wants to work for peace is wasting his time if at some point he doesn't address himself to the need to bring nations under the rule of law. The kind of outpouring of world public opinion we have seen in recent weeks, if directed to the need for upgrading the structure and functions of the United Nations, could make a startling difference in the prospects for mankind.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

America's Self-esteem

PETER SCHRAG's "Out of Place in America" [*SR*, May 9] was a most honest appraisal of society and his place in it—or out of it. I empathize with him, not as one of a minority or one without roots, but as an American. I, too, would like the clocks reversed to a time when this country had a clearer concept of direction, but, alas, "The moving finger writes. . . ."

Perhaps the basic cause of our problem is that we have become so self-critical of our past and present mistakes that we have given up, much like the overly berated child.

The solution lies in each of us. Perhaps with a little more pride in ourselves, we can, as individuals, give back to our country its self-esteem. After all, we are not as others see us, but as we see ourselves.

MRS. FRANK L. STANONIS,
Henderson, Ky.

PETER SCHRAG may think of Vice President Agnew and Judge Hoffman as "symbols of aberration," but he should remember that many liberals and most conservatives do not agree with his dictum. If indeed we live in a democracy, then the majority must rule. And I believe surveys will show the vast majority of people think it more likely that Mr. Schrag and his like-minded liberals are in a vast minority; are, in fact, the "aberration." Certainly the possibility is something for them to ponder.

ARTHUR ELLINGINS,
Trufant, Mich.

Accent on Language

IN "Prospects for a Global Language" [*SR*, May 2], Mario Pei gives three reasons why such a language has not yet been adopted: national rivalries, difficulty of choosing the language, and bureaucratic inertia. Unfortunately, however, he omits the two most obvious and important reasons: the complete lack of evidence that an international language would accomplish anything, and the historical proof of its impossibility.

It would be difficult to disagree with the aims of those desiring a global language; international cooperation and brotherhood are certainly worth working for. But Professor Pei's obvious assumption that a major source of friction is semantic—that is, an inability to communicate adequately—is simply not true. He notes with apparent approval that one purpose of Esperanto was to "reduce national antagonisms and promote human brotherhood." But wars are seldom caused by *verbal* misunderstandings. During the religious wars of Europe, speakers of French, Spanish, and German made pacts with their linguistically varied co-religionists to slaughter speakers of the same language who followed the wrong cross. Likewise the current division of linguistic communities according to political ideology—East/West Germany, North/South Korea and Vietnam—is a further example of the small part played by common language in producing brotherhood and peace. And certainly one cannot overlook the fact that in America the mutual acrimony of the Right and Left is in ostensibly the same language.

Yet, even if the use of an international language could be shown to have value, history has proved that such languages cannot retain their international quality. Latin, the "measure of linguistic universality" cited by Professor Pei, is a perfect example of what happens to widely used second languages: They change widely. Although Gaulish, Iberian, Oscan, and all the others disappeared, they caused Latin, too, to disappear; and because of their influence Spanish is not French is not Italian. There is absolutely no reason to assume that another international language would not soon develop local dialects, just as every other human language does. This is what happened to Indo-European, Semitic, Latin, Slavic, Teutonic, Old High German, Anglo-Frisian, and all the other parents of language families.

And such fragmentation is the direct consequence of the "ease of learning" that is a criterion for any global language. To use a concrete example, Esperanto is generally considered easy to learn because it is based on Romance vocabulary and grammar. But it follows that this makes it easy only for those who speak languages considerably influenced by Latin, such as French, Spanish, Italian, and, to a lesser degree, English. And while this covers a great portion of the earth, it omits most of Eastern Europe, and all of Asia and Africa.

HARVEY MINKOFF,
Assistant Professor,
Linguistics Department,
Iona College,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Hitler in Retrospect

WITH REGARD to Stefan Lorant's article "The Hitler I Knew" [*SR*, May 2], I hope I will not seem to be quarrelsome if I say that it is all too easy to hate Hitler, and far more difficult to treat him as a human being—which he was. The time has long gone by when we should have considered the whole Hitler-phenomenon with a little detachment, and stopped using him as a scapegoat for all our failures, and those of the whole world. That, too, is too easy.

The fact that the Germans, who are not quite as evil as they have been painted, supported Hitler so wholeheartedly proves that in the beginning there were things in his program that made some sense; even many that were quite positive. And it is not doing history a good turn to vilify him, when we should be viewing him with objectivity and detachment—yes, even with a little compassion where possible.

I know there are Germans, intelligent Germans, who, without being pro-Hitler, are fed up with seeing him caricatured, as he has been for so long in this country.

JEROME MINOT,
Cambridge, Mass.

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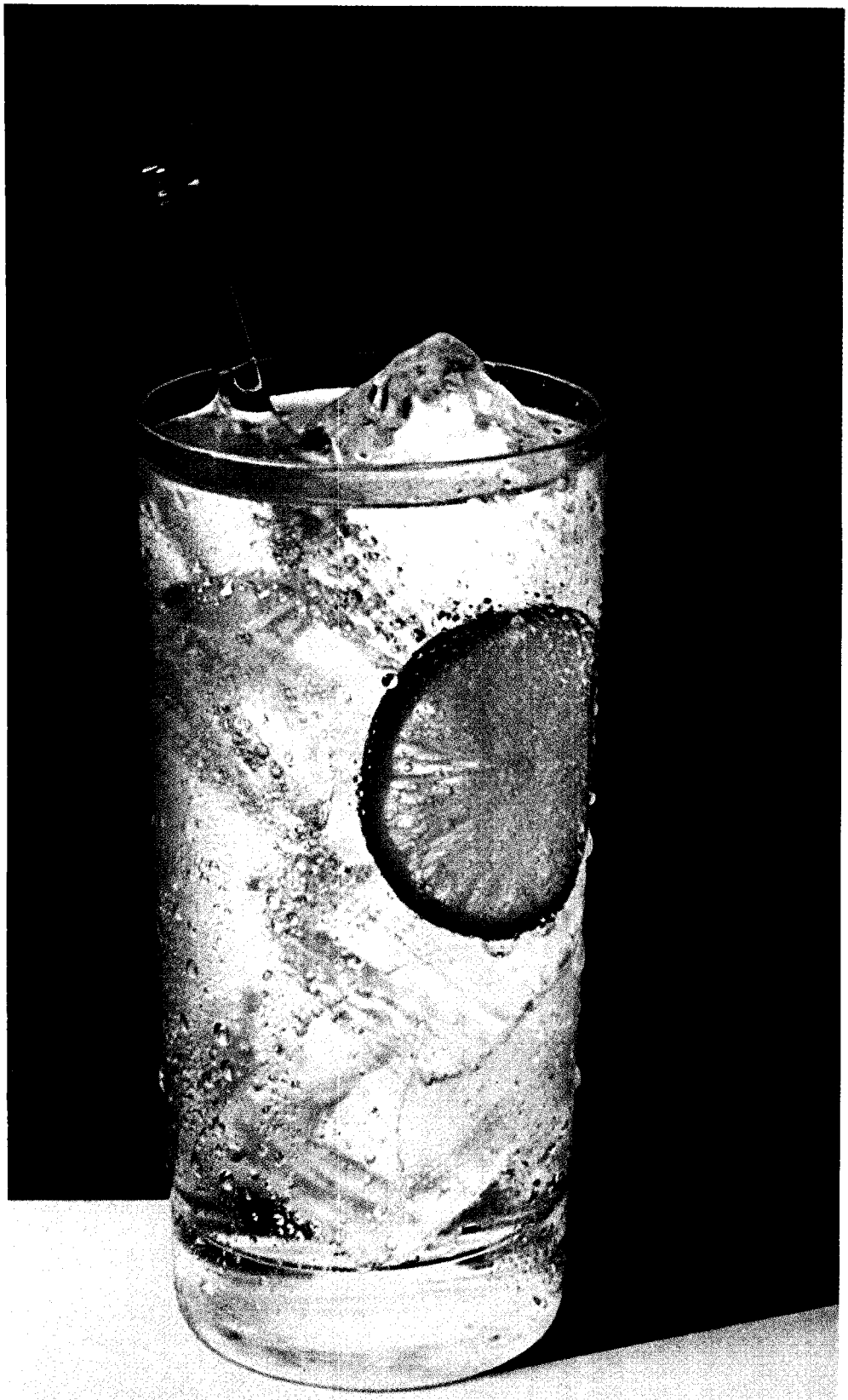
THE RUM & TONIC.

IT'S A GIN & TONIC MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white or one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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How to Play Cryptodiplomacy

by DAN KURZMAN

THE GAME OF NATIONS: The Amorality of Power Politics

by Miles Copeland III

Simon & Schuster, 318 pp., $6.95

Many reporters and other outside observers have written books claiming to divulge how the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency "really work": how, behind a benign, sometimes idealistic façade, they have actively participated in the overthrow of uncooperative governments and supported, even encouraged, the establishment of dictatorships as the most convenient means of promoting the political stability conducive to cooperation. State usually denies such "revelations," while the CIA remains silent—natural enough reactions on the part of official agencies engaged in illegal or unethical international activities. Presumably most governments indulge in such clandestine action. It is all part of the unannounced "cryptodiplomatic" Game of Nations.

In this game participant nations attempt to squeeze the greatest possible advantage from their foreign policies without openly going to war. In theory, at least, the game serves as a kind of international safety valve, with each country expecting its rivals to do it dirty and responding not with ominous bugle calls but with a sportsmanlike pat on the shoulder, much as to say "nice try," and with even dirtier doings.

The central rule of the Game is that no one must admit to stooping so low. If someone does, as President Eisenhower did when he conceded that a U-2 aircraft had been spying over Russia, he is likely to be treated with the contempt that Premier Khrushchev showed him. The Soviet leader could forgive Ike for spying, but not for spoiling the Game by confessing his "guilt" and thereby forcing Khrushchev to retaliate more drastically—and dangerously—than he might otherwise have done.

The Game of Nations is now, appropriately enough, the title of a book written by an insider who, though an expert in the Game, violates that cardinal rule with even more reckless abandon. Miles Copeland III, an American management consultant who formerly worked for the State Department and helped organize the CIA, has, with extraordinary candor and carefree cynicism, confirmed many of the "revelations" these organizations have so studiously denied or ignored—at least as they apply to the Middle East. And he adds a few more blockbusters of his own.

He has, in a sense, written a nonfiction version of *The Ugly American*, except that he appears to view as ugly only those actions, and numerous they are, that fail. And his book is crammed with perhaps more humor than Art Buchwald's Broadway hit *Sheep on the Runway*—although some readers may consider Copeland's work somewhat less credible.

After all, would even the most imaginative playwright dream up an act that called for the CIA to pamper Gamal Abdel Nasser with a $3-million gift, only to have him contemptuously spend the money on a worthless Tower of Cairo, which he and his cronies call "Roosevelt's erection"—referring to Kermit Roosevelt, the prime CIA intriguer in the Middle East? (The original Egyptian idea was to construct a modern "Sphinx" that would thumb a huge nose, presumably at the United States.)

And what humorist could match Copeland's presentation of a do-it-your-

DAN KURZMAN is the author of *Subversion of the Innocents*, which in 1963 won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best book on foreign affairs, and *Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War* to be published in June.

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self manual on how to launch and maintain a successful revolution (keep a "happy army," write a constitution full of loopholes, set up a one-party dictatorship)? One may initially feel that he is reading a handbook put out by the Black Panthers or the Weathermen until he is jolted into the realization that the author is a solid representative of the establishment and that his program for revolution is intended for *other* countries—countries that won't play the Game, especially those regarded as "soft on communism." (Nasser is not seen as fostering communism internally.)

Paradoxically, it is just such diplomats who have complained about "interventionist" policies like those of the late President Kennedy. JFK, they maintain, should never, for example, have pressured Latin American governments to push through social reforms, even though these reforms may be necessary to cut communism off at the root. Constructive "intervention" is apparently too subtle for minds geared to what are often short-term, short-sighted, cloak-and-dagger operations.

Nasser will perhaps seem an ingrate to some readers. For, Copeland discloses with startlingly blasé matter-of-factness, the United States, using the above guidelines, advised him how to dispose of King Farouk and what to do after coming to power. The U. S. even volunteered to furnish Nasser with Nazi officers to train his army—an offer uniquely revealing of the Game's moral tone.

Nevertheless, Copeland says, Kermit Roosevelt, who met secretly with Nasser's agents, was distrustful of military coups, "having seen the mess they were making of Syria." The author had earlier revealed that the mess began in 1949, when American officials "developed a friendship with [Husni] Za'im, then Chief of Staff of the Syrian Army, suggested to him the idea of a coup d'état, advised him how to go about it, and guided him through the intricate preparations in laying the groundwork for it." The trouble was that when Za'im came to power he dared to order the Americans "to leap to our feet as he entered the room." Then, to top matters off, he was overthrown by another group of officers—the second of a succession of coups that ultimately produced the present violently anti-American government. But, distrustful as Roosevelt had come to be of coups, Nasser looked too good a Game-player to ignore; nor was the agent's optimism later diluted as he stared each morning over coffee from a Cairo-Hilton veranda at the tower that was said to symbolize his sexual virility.

Copeland, a close friend of Nasser, uses the problems the latter has posed for the United States an an example of those that plague relations with many underdeveloped nations. Few writers have more perceptively analyzed the rationale of Nasser's policies, and, through them, the rationale of the post-World War II breed of Afro-Asian ultra-nationalists in general—understandably, since the two men and the groups they represent, though usually seeking contradictory objectives, would appear to comprehend each other intimately. Members of both groups love the Game and seem, in fact, so intent on winning points that tactics tend to become an end in themselves, often at the expense of their respective countries.

Copeland magnanimously states that Nasser has *had* to do what he has done in his particular situation, and, in sympathetic tones, adds that Nasser is most disturbed not when the United States acts as an "imperialist" power should—he can understand the imperialist mentality and knows how to deal with it—but when some "idealist" like President Kennedy messes up the Game with an infusion of irrelevant "moral" considerations. Apparently, the "imperialists" should understand that Egyptian mobs must be encouraged to burn down an embassy occasionally if their government is not to be thrown out of the Game and perhaps out of power. Copeland's understanding, of course, does not imply approval; he simply feels that it is up to the United States to initiate moves that will convince the Nassers that embassy-burning is counterproductive.

But if Nasser gets out of hand at times, Copeland offers the impression that he would be most disappointed if the Egyptian leader were not around. For Nasser, as a prototype of the new Third World nationalist dictator and a master of the Game, offers the State Department and the CIA an excellent opportunity for testing point-making techniques. "In getting together the Case of [Nasser], and in trying to arrange it so that it teaches lessons of universal applicability," he writes, "I had the feeling throughout that had Nasser not been born our Game would have had to create him just to have on hand a kind of leader who, although nonexistent at the moment, was natural to the Game and was sure to pop up sooner or later."

Copeland sees Nasser as pressing his revolution in three stages. In Phase One, he tried to remove the forces that perpetuated the old society—the old political parties, the absentee land-owners, and the foreign-controlled commercial companies. Phase Two, the present one, calls for a rejection of Western values and the Western view of the world's future, a renunciation of self in favor of a cause. Phase Three, scheduled for some distant time, is to bring "constructive motivation" and "disciplines of good sense."

The current Phase Two is the outgrowth of Nasser's failure to "constructively motivate" his people early in his rule and his calculation that the Western élite will grow richer while the underdeveloped world will grow poorer. "So long as the people generate *some* energy," Copeland writes, "and as long as this energy is not turned against the government, there is hope that it might later, under Phase Three, be redirected toward constructive purposes." And so we see the logic of embassy-burning and other manifestations of "controlled fanaticism."

Nasser views the generation of such energy, Copeland says, as desirable in

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WHO'S "OUT"?

You are asked to match each of these literary characters with one of the descriptions listed in the counting-out rhyme, as annotated by M. T. Raymond of Chicago, Ill., and A. H. Kaufman of Scarsdale, N.Y., who also wants you to name the creator of each character. If you're counted out, turn to page 61.

1. Rich man ( )	A. Thomas Buddenbrook	a. Sholom Aleichem
2. Poor man ( )	B. Filch	b. Bertolt Brecht
3. Beggar man ( )	C. Atticus Finch	c. James Fenimore Cooper
4. Thief ( )	D. Tom Joad	d. Charles Dickens
5. Doctor ( )	E. Robert Jordan	e. W. S. Gilbert
6. Lawyer ( )	F. Mottel Kamzoil	f. Ernest Hemingway
7. Merchant ( )	G. Livesey	g. Henry James
8. Chief ( )	H. Ralph Rackstraw	h. Harper Lee
9. Tinker ( )	I. Bill Sikes	i. Thomas Mann
10. Tailor ( )	J. Snout	j. William Shakespeare
11. Soldier ( )	K. Ralph Touchett	k. R. L. Stevenson
12. Sailor ( )	L. Uncas	l. John Steinbeck

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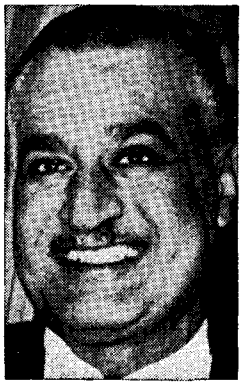
another respect, too: "By experience with the United States Government and with the Soviets Nasser has learned that you get aid from abroad in direct proportion to the extent to which you become a 'factor to be contended with.' . . . And one becomes [such a factor] not by means of exemplary constructive behavior but by advancing a cause which is frightening to the Great Powers or which, at least, they have no choice but to take seriously." Copeland makes the point—which my own research has also indicated—that Nasser has never been strongly anti-Israel as such, at least until he lost the 1967 war. He has simply used Israel as a focal point for the release of Arab energy in pursuance of his efforts to occupy the minds of his people and frighten the Great Powers.

It is precisely to increase his "bargaining power" with these nations, Copeland says, that Nasser tries to give the impression that he controls the Arab world. Actually, he feels little in common with the Arabs of other nations and shrinks from the prospect of ruling them. His idea, according to Copeland, is to force the other states to support his positions on foreign policy so that he will be in a stronger position to blackmail the Great Powers. This, one gathers, is Nasser's main reason for having tried periodically to overthrow pro-West Arab governments, or at least to force them into line, as he has done more or less with Jordan since the Six-Day War.

Copeland, while conceding that such politics have been counterproductive—Egypt, for all its Great Power assistance, is worse off economically than ever and has lost territory to Israel—nevertheless views these politics as effective "in a way." Though the Arabs were defeated in the Six-Day War, their bargaining, he points out in support of this argument, has been as forceful as if they had won. This kind of logic reminds one of the war communiqués that announce a retreat "according to plan and after the delivery of a deadly blow to the enemy." Since this is the logic American "cryptodiplomats" often find useful in "proving" their own effectiveness, it is not surprising that they should offer such a rationale on behalf of their competitors.

Nasser's conduct, Copeland writes, has been "almost entirely normal and predictable," considering his mental and cultural equipment. He might have added that the same may be true of the State Department and the CIA. Certainly they have proved, in the finest traditions of American efficiency, more adept at overthrowing and manipulating foreign governments than has poor Nasser—whatever one may say about the results.

Crafty Statecraft



—*Wide World.*

Gamal Abdel Nasser: "The genius of you Americans is that you never make clear-cut stupid moves, only complicated stupid moves which make us wonder at the possibility that there may be something to them we are missing."

"A member of Syria's rotating oligarchy recently told a foreign correspondent, 'The day is gone when a colonel can roar into Damascus with a few tanks and take over the city.' Unfortunately, he is wrong. Syria remains the most coup-prone country in the Middle East. . . ."

". . . the whole point of our supporting Nasser was to have in power in one 'key' Arab country a leader who would be strong enough to afford unpopular decisions—like making peace with Israel, for example."

"The amount of military aid for which Nasser asked the United States Government in the early days of his regime was first $40,000,000, then later $20,000,000, and finally 'just two or three million dollars' worth of parade items'—helmets, pistol holsters, and various kinds of shiny equipment which would look good when the Army was parading through the streets of Cairo and give the officers and soldiers a feeling of pride. . . . It was the State Department's delay in granting this comparatively small amount that caused Nasser to turn to the Soviets—with the result that he got many times over the $40,000,000 he originally asked from us."

"Much has been made of Nasser's running a 'police state' without freedom of speech and other such liberties. The fact is, however, that apart from having to endure perhaps the dullest newspapers in the world and the inconvenience of relying on the BBC and the Israeli radio for news, the average Egyptian does not feel deprived by Nasser's occasional clamp-downs on such liberties—he does not have anything in particular to say anyhow."

". . . although Western officials who dislike Nasser have spoken up from time to time to call him a fascist dictator, in actual fact the American Government, and to some extent the British Government, kept a sharp eye on Nasser as he built his repressive capabilities and condoned his actions."

"Nasser knew that he had to engineer an environment that would awaken motivations in the people in the same way that warmer or colder water—dissatisfaction, in other words—motivates an amoeba. Only a motivated people could respond to the leadership with which Nasser hoped to provide his movement."

"Nasser failed to turn the African countries against Israel (not a serious objective), but he did succeed in gaining widespread Afro-Asian support for resolutions, in the United Nations and elsewhere, condemning colonialism and imperialism, while supporting self-determination and an increased role in the world for Afro-Asian states and, as the result, in causing the British, French and Americans to adopt policies more favorable to Egypt in attempts to buy him off."

"The Americans and the British—and, to some extent, the Russians—normally go into elaborate detail when they plan the overthrow of some government, and their coup d'état operations (or most of them) are organized as carefully as straight military operations. (The operation against Mossadegh, for example, required two to three hours of classroom explanation—complete with maps, details of power stations, disposition of forces, etc.)"

—From *The Game of Nations.*

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Moses Smites Mitgang

I HAVE READ WITH INTEREST Herbert Mitgang's somewhat caustic and amusing review of my book *Public Works: A Dangerous Game* [*SR*, Mar. 14]. Merely for the record, I would like to answer some of his criticisms of what is simply an honest documentary for those active or involved in this field and curious about the people who dwell or work in it, and not an autobiography. This I explained in the preface, which Mitgang did not read.

If he operates from an ivory tower, he need not worry about natural phenomena which multiply people, poison and inhibit their growth and well-being, the drawbacks and penalties of an industrial revolution; class and race hatreds; narrow provincialism, greed, selfishness, and lack of public spirit—deviltries which imperil public works as they do everything else.

As to my lack of comprehension of geology, environment, ecology, ekistics, etc.—the rage of the moment—Mitgang will find that consideration of these subjects was the basis of most of my enthusiasms. He mentions Jones Beach. What about the parkways, the power projects on the Niagara and St. Lawrence, Flushing Meadow, numerous middle- and low-income housing projects, all of which, as the book shows, included widespread landscaping and environmental and ecological improvements, clean air and water, not to speak of humane moving of tenants on a then-unprecedented scale, which was bitterly fought by neighbors, budget directors and engineers?

As to my being a tool of General Motors because I won their $25,000 prize, there were 42,000 contestants, and the final judging was on numbered, unsigned submissions. Incidentally, my recommendations helped to win over auto builders who thought their responsibility ended when the cars came off the assembly lines, and to change the entire concept of charging such neighborhood improvements to the projects. The plan adopted followed closely the recommendations we made.

As to the World's Fair of 1964-65, I took the presidency following my experience as landlord of the 1939-40 World's Fair largely to finish Flushing Meadow Park and its environs and approaches, and the arterial and rail system feeding it. Millions of people liked the Fair. Many said it was the high point of their lives.

With respect to the Guggenheim Museum, Mitgang is entirely wrong in saying that I encouraged the "bending" of building laws to accommodate Frank Lloyd Wright's unorthodox plans. I said precisely the opposite and supported Barney Gilroy, the Commissioner of Buildings, in saying that the building code does *not* yield to genius.

As to how I might better have employed my time (which has been devoted to government largely on an unpaid, uncompensated basis) to greater and more lasting effect than by devoting seven years of my life "profitably to an unnecessary and forgotten fair," I guess that is between me and, may I say, Higher Authority.

ROBERT MOSES,
New York, N.Y.

"Where's Madison Square Garden?"

Myth of Brazilian Racial Equality

AS EDITOR OF *The Negro in Brazilian Society*, I want to tell you of my disappointment in the discussion of this book [*SR*, Apr. 11]. Fernandes never states, as Naid Sofian says, that ". . . Brazil will quickly become a true democracy, and more easily than the United States." What Fernandes does say is "*If* the Brazilian . . . abandons his prejudice . . . and *if* he learns . . . Brazil will rapidly become a genuine racial democracy." These are big "if's" which by being eliminated have led to a completely erroneous conclusion.

Fernandes's main conclusions can be found in the final seven pages on "The Brazilian Racial Dilemma." He clearly points out that ". . . the position of the black population still does not structurally or functionally match the class positions possible within the competitive social order of São Paulo . . . The Brazilian racial dilemma . . . is characterized by the fragmentary, unilateral, and incomplete manner in which it has managed to embrace, coordinate, and govern race relations." He states that ". . . the Negro problem . . . is a social problem . . ." and "As long as we do not achieve racial equality, we will not . . . have a democracy."

An important theme running through the book is that ". . . the problem has been underestimated in Brazil . . ." by Brazilians and foreigners alike. It is through this re-evaluation of the race situation based on intensive research that Fernandes hopes to make them aware of the existing situation in order to remove the prejudices of the Brazilian and achieve racial equality. The unfortunate fact is that Miss Sofian has been deceived so long about the myth of racial equality in Brazil that even when she reads it she does not digest it.

PHYLLIS B. EVELETH,
London, England.

Unbroken by Opium

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, writing of literary careers broken by drugs [EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, Apr. 4], mentions de Quincey. De Quincey wrote nothing until he was over thirty, when he had been an opium addict for years. He died at the age of seventy-four, and his collected writings appeared in fourteen volumes.

C. A. ASHLEY,
Toronto, Ont.

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Heretic from the Mass Faith in Scientific Technology

by HENRY S. RESNIK

NEW REFORMATION:
Notes of a Neolithic Conservative

by Paul Goodman

Random House, 208 pp., $5.95

Paul Goodman calls himself a conservative, but he is the major intellectual force behind the New Left, an anarchist and social critic who has articulated the evils of American society for two generations of rebels. *Communitas* (which he wrote with his brother, Percival, and published in 1947), *Growing Up Absurd* (1956), *Compulsory Mis-Education* (1962), *People or Personnel* (1963), *The Community of Scholars* (1964)—these are among the radicals' bibles; they contain a devastating critique of our country's educational establishment, what Goodman calls "the military industrial," and the social and governmental structures that rule our lives. Goodman's themes ring out in all the radical rhetoric of the day: community control, decentralization, participatory democracy, natural behavior and ecology, humanity. He was even a founder, with Fritz Perls and Ralph Hefferline, of the Gestalt therapy movement now gaining wide acceptance through such institutions as Esalen. But it is all too clear in *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative*, Goodman's tenth book of social criticism (he has also written several volumes of poetry and plays), that the very craziness of the world he criticizes has claimed his ideas for the maelstrom. The ideas keep coming back to him, like boomerangs, brutalized and twisted out of shape. At fifty-nine, he is a hero of the youth culture, but at the same time he has begun to experience a growing and bitter alienation from his "crazy young allies."

New Reformation is not ostensibly a book about the author's career, however. Apparently fearing that his readers will miss the point, Goodman actually states the central theme on several different occasions: "By 'Reformation' I mean simply an upheaval of belief that is of religious depth. . . . It is evident that, at present, we are not going to give up the mass faith in scientific technology that is the religion of modern times; and yet we cannot continue with it, as it has been perverted. So I look for a 'New Reformation.' As a corollary, I think that important agents of change will be found among professionals and academics dissenting from the establishment; and this is like the Protestant Reformation. . . ." The Reformation hasn't happened yet, Goodman says, but we are on the eve of it, a time similar to the year 1510, when Martin Luther discovered the excesses and hypocrisy of the Church during his first visit to Rome.

With this as a guiding principle, Goodman divides the book into four sections. "Sciences and Professions" takes as a focal point the teach-in of March 4, 1969, at MIT, one of the early rumbles of the Reformation, according to Goodman. Science and technology have been corrupted by money and power, he tells us (hardly for the first time), and he calls for a complete restructuring of the American economy —for science and technology to become "prudent, ecological and decentralized." We should do away with the hocus-pocus in which the scientists have increasingly cloaked their work and restore a moral perspective; we should follow the maxim ". . . improve in order to simplify, otherwise very sparingly." Goodman is not against science and technology; rather, he advocates a humane application of new inventions. He praises the moon exploration; what he doesn't like about it is its connection to the war machine and the anonymous "collectivity" that sustains it: ". . . there is a terrible loss of flashing spirit and personality. . . ."

"Education of the Young," the second section, underlines the importance of "incidental education" (Goodman has argued against mass schooling for years); proposes "minischools" closely related to the communities they serve; urges the transmitting of culture as a vital educational component; and, McLuhan notwithstanding, emphasizes the importance of speech and literature in assuring the culture's growth.

—Peter Moore.

Paul Goodman: "The emphasis is not on law and Justice but on law and Order."

In the third section, "Legitimacy," Goodman lapses mainly into description. Again, because of the crisis of belief, the very legitimacy of all authority is being questioned, he points out, and the social contract is dissolving: ". . . the emphasis is not on law and Justice, but on law and Order, meaning business as usual." Yet, in a later passage, he suggests that, "because of the complexity of social, technical, and urban organization, perhaps *no* central authority can be legitimate; it is bound to render the citizens powerless and to be dehumanizing." With the exception of a chapter describing the activism and civil disobedience of his son, Mathew (who died in an accident in 1967), the rest of this section is a recapitulation of Goodman's already familiar theories of anarchy, participatory democracy, decentralization, and citizenship. The brief final section of the book, entitled "Notes of a Neolithic Conservative," is essentially a statement of Goodman's own code of ethics and a chatty account of how he has been exercising it (he has withheld taxes; he has ". . . always worked hard in a way that made sense to myself . . ."). He also takes the occasion to answer some of his critics.

Despite this superficial structure, *New Reformation* is not an orderly book, proceeding logically from one step to the next. A great deal of the text is culled from various speeches and articles Goodman has written during the last year or two; the over-all impression is patchy—and Goodman's

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning on the System.*

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Paul Goodman Vis-à-Vis

(Excerpts from an Interview)

PG: Yesterday evening a professor of psychiatry, an old friend, asked me if I'd come up to his house and have a bull session with his psychiatry students. So I spent last night bull-sessioning with these interns, and they were no wiser than the usual noisy kids I meet on college campuses. I must say they were just the same, and it was a very boring evening as far as I was concerned—noisy and boring.

HR: How did last night's confrontation arise?

PG: Well, there's some young intern who decides the hippies have the right of it, although he's not one, you see—he dresses like a hippie, et cetera, but there he is having gotten his degree and working in this hospital and talking this hippie talk—but it's completely fake, because he's not *doing* it. And this I don't like. He's advocating being a hippie, but meanwhile he's acting out a perfectly regular role. The reason he's doing this is because he's prudent, but instead of taking prudence as a perfectly splendid human virtue, he's willing to regard it as a hangup.

HR: Did he lead the discussion?

PG: He started it off. They got on a discussion of technology and science and why, after all, shouldn't people just be human and go off and live on some upperland prairie, like the Indians. And everything that had been done by science has just degraded and diminished humanity. So I pointed out that *they* were diminishing humanity, that if you looked at these Indians, as I had recently in Mexico, they were very interested in the stars—I described how they'd used the stars to make their calendar, and so forth. I pointed out that if anybody had shown up with a good telescope some of those Indians would have longed to get hold of that telescope. And that any feeling that they wouldn't have wanted that telescope degrades them. And if these kids think you find the unknown by turning inward with LSD or something like that they're out of their minds. . . .

HR: It's almost as if they ask you to come so they can damn you.

PG: No, they ask me to come because they want answers. They ask out of hunger. They hunger for somebody who is going to give them the gospel. And none of us older people has the gospel to give—and wouldn't give it if we had. In fact, they're shocked at my attitude. For instance, take another situation which came up last night—it comes up all the time: They begin to talk Third World revolutionary junk and Castro's Cuba and so forth. Of course, I've just come from Mexico, and what *we* see from our point of view—say, people like Ivan Illich and myself—is that Castro has introduced compulsory high school into Cuba, which is a disaster for Cuba, just as it is for all other Latin American countries. He's going down the same primrose path of any other fool. Likewise he goes into a ten-million-ton sugar crop, monocropping Cuba, which is exactly what the imperialists always did to those countries. It's the worst form of colonialism—it's exactly what we accuse the Americans of doing in Hawaii and throughout Latin America, turning the countries into plantations. And then you get all these kids very generously in the Venceremos Brigade going down without a single thought of is this good for Cuba, but going down precisely to help *hurt* Cuba—out of perfectly generous impulses, but without any thought. Well, you hardly need to be a revolutionary to be a brainwashed fool. And so the argument goes all the time—they aren't thinking; they've given up the capacity for thought because they're fanatics.

HR: They're fanatic *what*?

PG: They're fanatics for whatever is against what they see the Americans doing. Anybody who's an enemy of the United States thereby becomes good.

* * * *

HR: For quite some time you've provided inspiration to the movement—you've given people answers . . .

PG: They don't listen to my answers. Less and less. They were listening to my answers back in 1962 and 1963, but no more.

HR: You said before that they're starved . . .

PG: They're hungry for answers, but they don't listen to them. They want answers which will satisfy . . . which will have a messianic quality. And all the answers I believe in are piecemeal, small, step-by-step. They require determination, being in there pitching. They're not answers which will wipe out "the system." Because I'm not interested in the system. I don't think that's good politics; I'm an anarchist. From our point of view when you wipe out the system, you get another system. The important thing is to loosen the system. And you loosen it by 2 per cent of this, 3 per cent of that . . .

HR: I don't know why you say they're listening less. I'm under the impression that many of your proposals are translated into action.

PG: That's right—but not by *them*. By professional people in the establishment. By young interns, by law students. Hopefully it will get to be by kids in engineering, under the influence of people like Nader.

HR: Who are *they*?

PG: The militant kids, the ones I confront.

HR: But the group you confronted last night were in the establishment.

PG: That's why I was so disappointed with most of them.

* * * *

HR: At one point in your book you say that if people stopped using language to communicate we wouldn't call them humans any more.

PG: That's right—and they wouldn't have any culture.

HR: I think this is an entirely likely prospect.

PG: I know, but at that point the human race will vanish, like the dinosaurs. Exactly. It could easily happen.

HR: But isn't a new culture a concomitant of a reformation?

PG: Of course. But it's not *their* new culture. The reformation I describe in my book would be technology returning to moral philosophy. I could see Luther saying that at the present time. Science would return to the humanities, where it started from. Civil society would turn away from force and get back to legitimacy. That's what the reformation would consist in. . . . The problem becomes how to have a human use of automation, for example. Now that's a very complicated question. And you can't get the answer by having a *feeling*.

* * * *

HR: Why did you call yourself a neolithic conservative?

PG: To distinguish me from people like William Buckley, who just want to get back to McKinley. Neolithic man had cities, fine arts, pretty good primitive technology. I'm thinking of the people who did the cave drawings; they were highly cultivated people. And obviously living, and very simple. That's more or less all we ever need, really.

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style has always been discursive anyway. There's a certain blithe majesty in the tone, moreover, implying that every passing remark is vitally important, that further obscures basic ideas. Bearing in mind that Goodman may be the most important writer in America, one has a right to expect more.

New Reformation looks like a rush job, in short, and it's a tribute to Goodman's intelligence that even the most casual passages, the ones that should have been edited out, exude his familiar energy and intellectual excitement. The book isn't vintage Goodman, but it's so good that one can read several parts of it over again and make new discoveries. Paul Goodman has a marvelous gift for following his thoughts into unexplored territories.

If there weren't so much still to do—if the odds for a truly humane society didn't seem worse than ever—Goodman might reasonably be satisfied with his life's work, for he has provoked a good deal of the cultural crisis he is now reporting in *New Reformation*. He has lived, in fact, to see many of his proposals put into action. The education establishment he has challenged for years is meeting wide opposition on innumerable fronts and will have to change drastically to survive in any form. Perhaps most important, his belief in individual initiative, community, and minimal central government is the foundation of the new populism. And now *New Reformation* provides a powerful rationale for the growing ecology movement; reformers and activists will probably add it to manuals for change.

But the irony in all this is that the ecology movement, among so many good ideas (not only Goodman's), often seems to be just another gimmick. After a while we may tire of it; overexposure in the media could kill it altogether, and the world could continue as it has, bungling toward apocalypse. Paul Goodman remains optimistic, but not overly so—he believes that there is still a chance for humanity. Indeed, if more people would really listen to what he is saying, there might be. But what is one to make of a culture that can take the words of its leading humanist and turn them into cheap slogans? Consider the following ad copy—it's straight from Goodman:

> Total conformity is out.
> Individuality is in.
> In life. In business.
>
> The old authoritarian kind of company, where everyone looks the same and thinks the same and somebody up there makes all the decisions, is getting to be a thing of the past.
> Now, for a company to grow and prosper, participation at every level is the order of the day.
>
> It takes people with unusual competence and motivation.
> Who can respond to the problems of the 70's. And turn those problems into opportunities. . . .
> We're responsible for the special combination of prudence and risk-taking that gives impetus to growth.
> But what it all boils down to is people. People who, by doing their own thing, grow. And by growing contribute to the growth and prosperity of the Division and the whole Company.
>
> [Reprinted with the permission of J. Walter Thompson Co. and Textron]

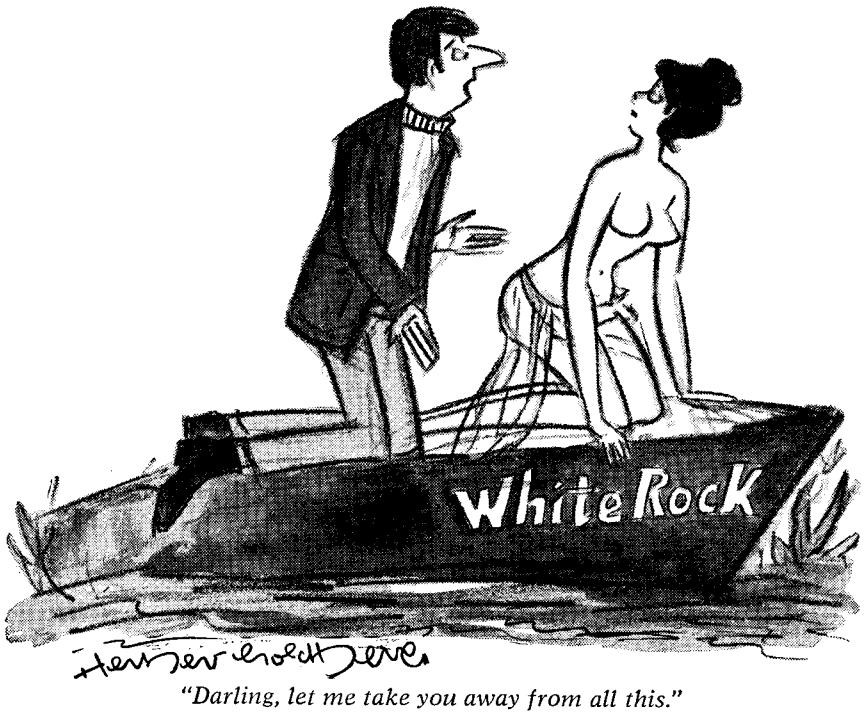
This is a cynical exploitation of the populism and individualism that Goodman, among others, has advocated, but there is nothing cynical, as Goodman often says in his new book, about the youthful radicals who make as much a mockery of his ideas as Madison Avenue. Even when he opposes them, he continually asserts that the young people he confronts are generous, idealistic, honest, moral, and correct in their antagonism toward a hypocritical society glutted with its own goods. But the confrontations continue, perpetuated by a vicious symbiosis of which he shows very little understanding.

It is on this level that *New Reformation* is a most disappointing book, even to the point of betraying its purpose. Although Goodman acknowledges at the beginning that the world-wide youth movement is a part of the Reformation—the task at hand will not be limited to dissenting professionals—he continually uses the book as a platform for berating the very youth he commends. Finally, it seems he is not really on their side at all. He cannot tolerate their mindlessness, their inability to "keep pitching," and the ease with which they drop out altogether. They drive him to desperation, and all he can do then is tell them they should be more like him (where is anarchy then?).

No humanist can look on the surrender of critical thought and the willful slavishness of so many young people today comfortably. It's scary and it's real; the youth culture drifts inexorably toward the irrational—the very media that corrupt Goodman's ideas have created among youth an enormous distrust of words. Often it seems that future generations can expect little more from life than new ways of turning on—a happy concentration camp, an unending series of Woodstocks.

But, on the other hand, there remains a shadow of possibility that a genuine new culture will emerge from what now seems so formless. Goodman's mistake is assuming that his humanist culture is the only one worth having. He would say that the current movement toward mysticism and irrationality is not really culture at all, but an abdication of responsibility. This is a dangerously absolutist position to take, and it is creating enemies.

To a humanist the only thing more frightening than the total destruction of mankind by bombs is the prospect of mankind surviving as a race of slaves. If one believes in humane culture—and this is, after all, a matter of belief—one must fight to preserve it by putting one's mind and heart on the line. This Paul Goodman has done. But anger and recrimination will never turn the tide.



"Darling, let me take you away from all this."

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ONE LIFE

by Christiaan Barnard and Curtis Bill Pepper

Macmillan, 402 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by John Lear

■ Very few people anywhere in the world were prepared for the first transplant of the human heart. Even in the surgical profession, where the literature included many documented reports of successful transplantion of hearts in dogs by Dr. Norman Shumway and Richard Lower at Stanford University Medical School, there was little serious acceptance of Shumway's published prediction that the time for a human experiment was near. Consequently, when news came from South Africa on December 3, 1967, that Dr. Christiaan Barnard had taken the heart of a young woman killed in a road accident and put it into a middle-aged grocer whose own heart was failing, the popular reaction everywhere was as to a miracle.

Information made available on Barnard was sketchy. Son of a poor Afrikaner family, he had through persistence and skill acquired a place on the staff of Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town. Ambitious and bold, with an eye for the dramatic, he seemed to have got away with an incredible stunt by going to the United States to study for several years, seeing the latest heart experiments on animals here, and then returning home to imitate them in a desperate gamble with the grocer's life.

Barnard's image in the minds of conservative medical men was not improved when he announced that the grocer, Louis Washkansky, would go home from the hospital within a couple of weeks after the historic transplant operation.

Washkansky died eighteen days later in the manner the conservatives expected. His new heart was in perfect shape. Not a single suture was out of place. The pump worked faithfully to the end. But there had always been a risk that the immunological systems of the body would reject the transplanted organ, and to prevent the rejection drugs were given that reduced Washkansky's resistance to infection. Pneumonia attacked while the patient was in this defenseless condition, and Washkansky succumbed.

Later Barnard transplanted another heart—this one from a black man into a white dentist named Philip Blaiberg. Blaiberg went home, as Barnard said he would, and lived for 594 days, almost two months more than a year and a half.

Although the effusive propaganda with which Barnard always surrounded himself presented Blaiberg as being hale and hearty throughout most of that period, a recent book written by the dentist's widow says Blaiberg was uncomfortable in the extreme if not downright sick during virtually all of his life with the new heart.

That Barnard is at least as accomplished a showman as he is a surgeon has since been demonstrated by contrast. Almost no one had even heard of Louis B. Russell, Jr., a black schoolteacher from Indianapolis, until *Time* magazine late in April 1970 reported that Russell had been living with a transplanted heart longer than Blaiberg had survived. Dr. Richard Lower had removed Russell's heart and put in a new one (from the body of a seventeen-year-old boy who had died of gunshot wounds) at the Medical College of Virginia on August 24, 1968. Since then, the schoolteacher's body has tried to reject the transplant four times, but each threat has been turned back by administration of immunosuppressive drugs for just long enough to achieve the desired effect without destroying Russell's defenses against infection. He teaches industrial arts at a boys' junior high school, and ten months after the operation had enough energy left over to repair the roof of his two-story house.

Russell is only forty-five years old. Blaiberg was fifty-eight when he received his transplant. The difference in ages of the two patients may explain the end of Barnard's lucky streak. But it does not explain the absence of circus barking of the Russell case, either at the Medical College of Virginia or at the Russell home in Indiana.

This is a long way of going about saying that the autobiography Christiaan Barnard has written, with the help of Curtis Bill Pepper, cannot hope to change the public image of Dr. Barnard as an actor as well as a surgeon. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that Pepper did not get hold of Barnard earlier and that Macmillan could not publish this book before now. For it presents Barnard as much more sensitive, complex, and professionally prepared than he seemed in the press dispatches of 1967 and afterward.

At first he was a general practitioner, in a fabulous countryside. One of the earliest cases he describes was the successful patching up of a farm woman who had fought a leopard with her bare hands, and won. Later, he worked in a clinic exclusively concerned with tubercular meningitis. At night, he did open-heart surgery on dogs. He made a major contribution to the treatment of intestinal atresia—a congenital disease that brings babies into the world with a gap in the bowel. By experimenting on unborn puppies, he showed how the intestinal constriction acted, and how afflicted babies could be saved by cutting away still more of the bowel and allowing blood to feed connective tissue. He transplanted the head of one dog onto the neck of another, thus duplicating an experiment the Russians had first performed. And nearly five years before he transplanted the heart of Denise Darvall into Louis Washkansky he wrote in a paper he read at a medical meeting in Pretoria:

> The future treatment of heart disease will include the transplantation of the human heart and most likely both heart and lungs. There is today no major problem in the actual transplantation. The difficulty is in how to maintain the existence of a foreign organ in a body without it being rejected. Yet even this will be overcome eventually. . . .

That was long in advance of the Shumway prediction that has been quoted everywhere.

Although I still don't agree with his concept of appropriate relationships between the surgical profession and the press, I understand and respect Christiaan Barnard more since reading *One Life*. I had not before appreciated how deeply a surgeon can become involved in the lives of his patients, how eagerly he can strive to save them, even to the extent of overstating the real hope.

John Lear is science editor of Saturday Review.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1398

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1398 will be found in the next issue.

WH TCK QIJ RUUN TCKX OUIM

YOUJ IGG IACKZ TCK IXU

GCBWJS ZOUWXB, VITAU TCK

OIPUJ'Z OUIXM ZOU JUYB.

—IMIV BVWZO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1397

School days are the happiest days of your life—providing, of course, your youngsters are old enough to go.

—PAUL SELDEN.

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JEFFERSON THE PRESIDENT: First Term 1801-1805

by Dumas Malone
Little, Brown, 539 pp., $10

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE NEW NATION: A Biography

by Merrill D. Peterson
Oxford, 1,072 pp., $15

Reviewed by Wilson Sullivan

■ No American has had more varied admirers or inspired a more vigorous canon of criticism and biography than Thomas Jefferson. His words have been invoked by the Far and New Right as well as the Far and New Left. Antebellum Dixiecrats join Birchers in citing Jefferson's opposition to "energetic" central government, his support of states' rights, his opposition to a strong Supreme Court. The Left has hailed his defense of revolution ("A little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing."), his defiance of precedent, his championing of minorities and civil liberties, his uninhibited exercise of executive power to effect reform.

Similarly, the staunchest apologist of the Confederacy could hardly have upstaged the Sage of Monticello (perhaps the first to use the word "nullification"), who declared that, if the people should ever have to choose between dissolution of the Union or "submission to a government without limitation of powers," they must choose liberty. And even Karl Marx, at his dithyrambic best, could not have exceeded Jefferson's rhetorical zeal when the former President, aged eighty-three, announced ten days before his death: "The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."

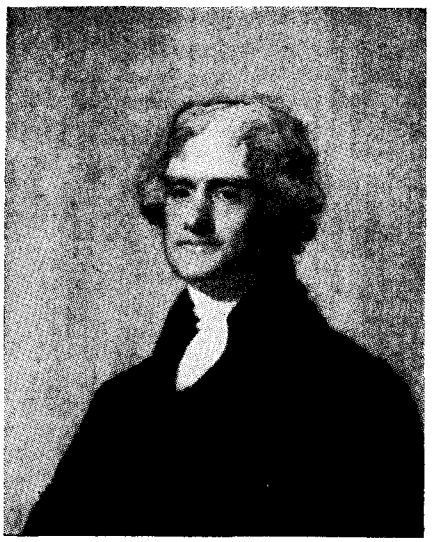
No responsible scholar would now maintain, as the more frenzied Federalists did, that Jefferson was all things to all men, as the seasons required, or that he preached one thing and practiced another. But the historical dust is also settling; the partisan duels are stilled. Scholars are moving toward a genuinely national historiography, increasingly free of sectional or ideological points of view and the distorting polarities of demon and archangel. In this New Dispensation we can see "Long Tom" Jefferson pretty much for what he was—neither immaculately idealistic nor Machiavellian, which is to say, rather human. He is no less revered because better understood.

Two new books, both free of the old excesses, have been added to the Jeffersonian canon: the fourth volume of Dumas Malone's definitive biography, which takes us to the end of Jefferson's first term as President, and Merrill D. Peterson's *Thomas Jefferson and the New Nation*, intended as a complement to Peterson's earlier, conceptual work, *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind*.

Mr. Malone's latest volume sustains his reputation as Jefferson's most exhaustive, most reliable biographer. The study is an unqualified success, a triumph of scholarship, absorbing in its clean, restrained narrative line, as well as judicious footnotes, which are often as revealing as the text itself. If one word is used to describe Malone's achievement, it is "balance," by which I mean that he presents a three-dimensional Jefferson, reporting his lapses and omissions no less than his accomplishments. I mean also that he is fair, perhaps too fair, to Jefferson's more venal critics, notably the competent Hamilton and Chief Justice Marshall. This is not to imply that Malone is not in Jefferson's corner; he is. His uncharacteristically glossy rationalization of Jefferson's off-stage manipulations in the impeachment of Federalist Justice Samuel Chase makes this clear.

Malone's new volume shows Jefferson emerging not only as the first President to govern as the head of a political party, but as one confronted with the critical task of returning the American government to its original Revolutionary principles after repressive, quasi-monarchical Federalist rule. Federalism's recalcitrance despite the party's conclusive popular defeat had brought the young republic to such chaos and acrimony that the very future of the nation lay in doubt. Jefferson's conciliatory approach after victory ("We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists."), his effort to maintain a degree of geographical balance in appointments, his gradualism in "democratizing" the government—in Malone's words, "by changing its spirit rather than its framework"—saved the United States as Constitutionally established. Further, Malone reminds us, Jefferson's victory—and performance—assured forever the legitimacy of political opposition in what had been a one-party nation, vindicating for himself—and, ironically, for his opponents—his inaugural promise: "that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, *that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable*; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

Vividly but without flamboyance, Malone portrays Jefferson's first term:



Portrait (1805) by Gilbert Stuart from "Thomas Jefferson and the New Nation: A Biography."

Thomas Jefferson—"a torrent of slander."

his repeal of Adams's "midnight" court appointments, designed to ensure Federalist hegemony in the Judiciary; his battle with Marshall; his immense rapport with a Congress that "passed virtually no bills of any significance without his recommendation or tacit approval," a record unmatched until Woodrow Wilson; his trimming of government costs, reducing taxes, retiring one-third of the national debt; his rigid adherence to the Constitution's separation of church and state; his accessibility as Chief Executive (departing from the glacial ceremonialism of his predecessors, Jefferson made his rounds on horseback as President).

Malone is in top form in his chapter on Jefferson's relations with the press and that on the Louisiana Treaty. Even as President, Jefferson faced a "torrent of slander," which "in severity and obscenity," Malone believes, has "rarely if ever been matched in [U.S.] Presidential history." Jefferson, on the surface at least, ignored abuse, content to let his character speak for itself. But a man of sensitivity and probity must have writhed under such Federalist press assaults as one that, besides ridiculing his world-renowned interests as a scientist, repeated the old lie that he slept with his Negro slave-maid:

> Resume thy shells and butterflies,
> Thy beetle's heads, and lizard's thighs,
> The state no more controul:
> Thy tricks, with *sooty Sal*, give o'er;
> Indulge thy body, Tom, no more;
> But try to save thy *soul*.

The free press has had no more sincere champion than Jefferson, who considered liberty impossible without it and who declared that the press "cannot be limited without being lost." Faced with countless personal attacks,

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however, even he broke and suggested to one Republican governor that he consider a reprisal against the press in his state. "A few prosecutions of the most prominent offenders," Jefferson wrote, "would have a wholesome effect in restoring the integrity of the presses. Not a general prosecution, for that would look like persecution: but a selected one." For the arch opponent of the Alien and Sedition Acts, for the Republican Party chieftain whose own press lieutenants were distinguished for their partisanship, these were strange words indeed.

In his chapter on the Louisiana Purchase, Malone's objectivity affords insight not only into machinations on both sides of the Atlantic, but into Jefferson's anguish when the President, a strict constructionist, realized that he had no Constitutional authority to buy the land. Although Jefferson was convinced that he needed a Constitutional amendment to authorize the purchase, expediency (notably, word that Napoleon was having second thoughts) ruled his decision to buy. "I infer," Jefferson wrote Madison, "that the less we say about Constitutional difficulties respecting Louisiana the better, and that what is necessary for surmounting them must be done *sub silentio*."

Merrill D. Peterson's *Thomas Jefferson and the New Nation* cannot fairly be compared with Malone's continuing opus. The objectives of the biographies are utterly distinct. Peterson's is not a definitive work; it is a distilled, one-volume narrative, if somewhat lengthy for the genre. The Peterson book does suffer, however, on a most critical count: this 1,072-page history has been printed without a single footnote. The author anticipates this criticism in his preface when he concedes that it was only after "considerable agonizing" that he decided to omit footnotes in a book "addressed more to readers than to scholars." The decision was unfortunate—first, because Peterson thus excludes scholars from looking into an often eloquent and exciting and always readable work and, second, because it cannot really be assumed that readers willing to devote the time to go through this very long book would not also insist on knowing the sources, dates, and context of quotations, particularly those of a controversial nature. It is paradoxical that *only* scholars, familiar with the sources of Peterson's quotations, will be able to assess his book for the documented achievement it undoubtedly is.

This reviewer has seen no account of Jefferson's ill-starred Embargo, for example, that excels Peterson's lucid, logical, and statistically persuasive analysis of it. No one has said more effectively than Peterson that, by failing to issue a proclamation on the Embargo explaining his objectives unequivocally, Jefferson indeed "betrayed his own principles of leadership, which underscored official openness and public trust, and contributed to the bewilderment and confusion surrounding the Embargo." The outcry engendered by this act, as Peterson dramatically shows, was fraught with peril for the Union. New England charged that a Southern President was discriminating against Northern trade. Threats, by no means idle, were made of a return by the Eastern states to the British Empire. One hopes that in subsequent editions of Peterson's colorful, nicely paced biography his abandoned footnotes will be printed.

Wilson Sullivan, Presidential biographer and critic, has long been a student of the American colonial and Revolutionary periods.

"I like the rhetoric. Give him a dollar, dear."

THE CHILDREN OF MAPU STREET

by Sarah Neshamit, translated from the Hebrew by David S. Segal

Jewish Publication Society, 324 pp., $3.50

THE BADERS OF JACOB STREET

by Henia Karmel-Wolfe

Lippincott, 321 pp., $6.95

KINDERGARTEN

by Elzbieta Ettinger

Houghton Mifflin, 310 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Leonard Fleisher

■ Although two and a half decades have passed since the end of World War II, fictionalized accounts of that grotesque period still emerge, like unwelcome ghosts, from the darkness of experience to haunt us again. The facts of the Holocaust are familiar, the tragedy having taken on the dimensions of myth to be re-experienced in almost ritual fashion by those too scarred to forget, and to be discovered anew by those too young to remember. We have here three new Holocaust novels, which, despite similarities in titles and subject matter, vary greatly in style and quality. *The Baders of Jacob Street* is little more than a flatly written memoir; *The Children of Mapu Street*, intended for a teen-aged audience, is designed to tell a gruesome story in simple terms; *Kindergarten* is a carefully wrought, at times brilliant work of art.

All three authors were born in Eastern Europe, and each book does manage to convey the feeling of authenticity. The protagonists of the novels are all girls in their teens who are forced to come of age as they are jolted out of their innocence and thrust into the nightmare history has devised for them. Each book chronicles the sufferings inflicted on the Jews, documenting how the casual cruelties of the early war years evolved into systematic mass slaughter.

We meet a good number of saints, Jewish and Christian, as well as an equally impressive share of sinners, Jewish and Christian, but mostly we encounter ordinary people, no better, no worse than the rest of mankind. Each novel wrestles with the question of survival, detailing the inhuman and self-destructive measures that had to be taken if one were to come out alive. In all three works characters are forced to play roles, to deny their Jewish identities and pretend to be Christians. The terrible price paid for

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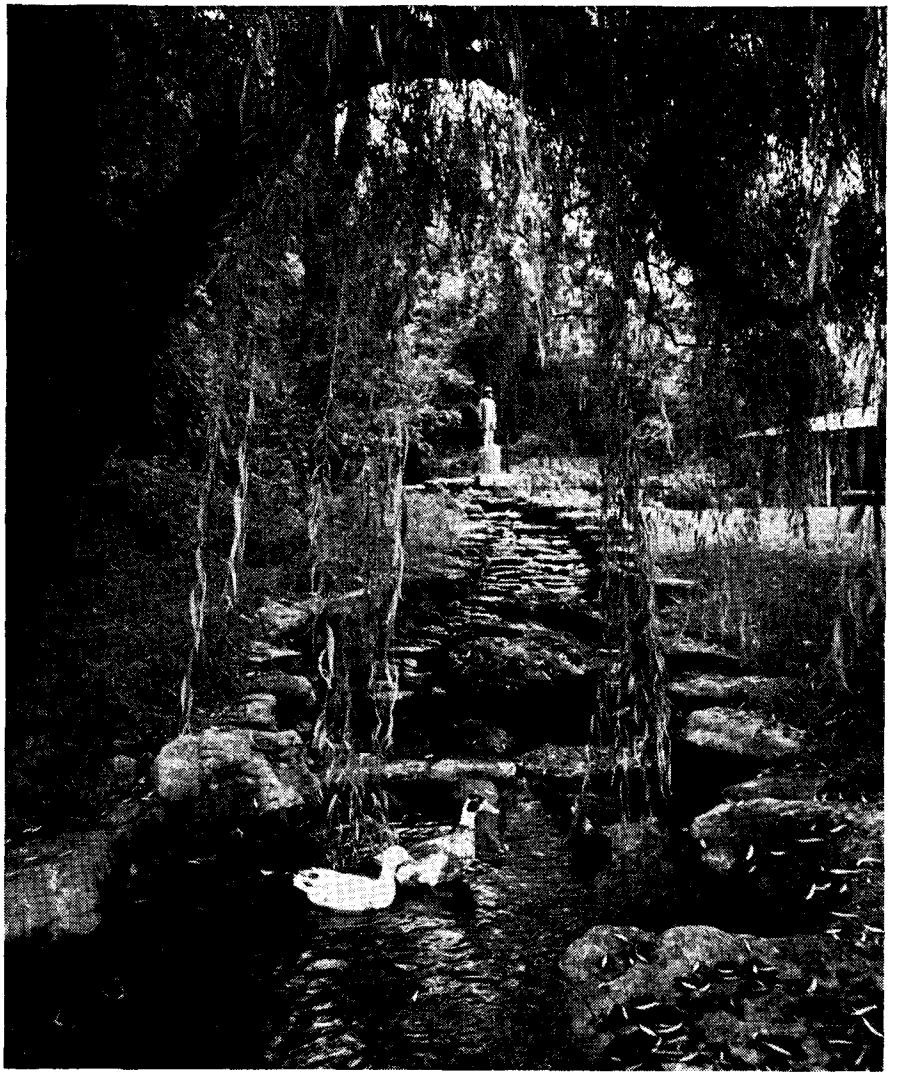
the privilege of surviving is stressed with chilling regularity.

The most artless of the three books is Sarah Neshamit's *The Children of Mapu Street*. Written originally in Hebrew—it was first published in Israel in 1966—the novel is geared to a young audience, a factor accounting for its simplicity of manner and its tritely conventional narrative. Set in Kovno, the capital of Lithuania, the story begins with a deceptively peaceful description of the city on the eve of Germany's invasion of Russia. But before long we are presented with one shocking incident after another: a father is dragged away from his family; a thirteen-year-old boy is brutally shot; a gentile child shrieks with glee, "All the Yids are *kaput*," and proceeds to loot an apartment that has been abandoned by a fleeing Jewish family. These events are seen through the eyes of a group of children who, innocent and uncomprehending, cannot make sense of what is happening around them. In kaleidoscopic fashion the author gives brief glimpses of several families uprooted by the war.

Eventually the narrative focuses on Shula Weiss, the teen-aged daughter of a doctor, and twelve-year-old Shmulik Cohen, a tailor's son. Neighbors at the outset, they become separated during the fighting, only to meet again at the conclusion of the novel. After her mother is killed, Shula finds refuge in a convent, where an anti-Semitic Mother Superior gives her the opportunity of a new life in the Catholic Church. Shula reads all about Jesus but cannot reconcile his life and message with the actions of the Jew-hating Christians she constantly meets.

Juxtaposed to her story is the account of Shmulik's adventures. Leaving his mother behind, he leaps from a moving train headed for the death camps. He wanders in the woods, is housed and fed by some kindly peasants, and finally joins a band of partisans, aiding them in the destruction of a bridge. Heroics abound, and the ending, which finds Shula and the leader of the partisans setting out for a new life in the Holy Land, is contrived and unconvincing, an upbeat conclusion tacked on for inspirational purposes. As a serious work of art the novel has little to offer, but for young people whose understanding of this period has been clouded by the confused rhetoric of our own times it has an undeniable value.

A more searching but rather banally written account of this era is *The Baders of Jacob Street*, by Henia Karmel-Wolfe. The main character, Halina Bader, is the daughter of a Jewish family that has lived on this



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Elzbieta Ettinger—"brilliance."

street in Kraków for generations. When World War II breaks out they spend several fruitless months wandering through Poland, but they soon return home, still unable to conceive of the horrors to follow. Much of the novel describes how life on Jacob Street went on as usual—babies were born, Sabbaths were observed, Holy Days were celebrated, young people fell in love. Gradually but inexorably the increasingly oppressive orders issued by the German authorities intrude on the normality of life. It is the impact of the Occupation on the sensitive young heroine that forms the theme of the novel. Halina is ashamed of her Jewishness, confused by her emerging sexuality, beset by fears over her family's fate. She cannot accept the code of a friend who uses her body in order to save lives. Under the influence of a young radical who introduces her to sex and socialism, Halina loses some of her bourgeois attitudes. Given the opportunity to assume a non-Jewish identity, she flees the ghetto, but when she is obliged to mock the sufferings of a Jewish professor forced to clean the streets she realizes she cannot play such a role.

The novel centers on the devices and defenses used to survive. Some Jews collaborate with the enemy; one old man clings piously to the God of his fathers; Halina's mother merely hopes for the best, refusing to believe in the possibility of her own destruction. It is only Halina's lover, Stefan, who sees the truth. "The world won't give a damn," he grimly predicts.

The story of the Bader family and their friends is rendered in a muted, lightly ironic manner, their innocence contrasted with the terrible knowledge we now possess. The book contains fewer accounts of overt cruelty than the other two; its atmosphere, though claustrophobic, has none of the nightmarish quality of *Kindergarten*. The main flaw in *The Baders of Jacob Street*, aside from its pedestrian style, is that the central character is not very interesting. Her ability to continue living as "normal" a life as possible does not, despite its tragic context, make that life artistically involving. Halina is limited in her perceptions; and, since the author for the most part restricts the range of vision to Halina's consciousness, the work never rises above the level of a sincere but quite ordinary memoir. There are some potentially fascinating characters, but they are never fully developed.

Kindergarten is another matter. It suffers much ponderous editorializing by characters who, though in Polish ghettos, often sound as if they were debating Hannah Arendt and Bruno Bettelheim. Too often Elzbieta Ettinger's people seem endowed with an uncanny ability to argue, with logic and eloquence, over issues that did not come to the surface until after the events described took place. But her narrative is otherwise so skillfully written that one wishes she had trusted it more and allowed the wider implications of her plot to spring from it organically, instead of grafting an intellectual dialectic onto the story in unlikely places.

Apart from this, *Kindergarten* is a remarkable novel, one spotted throughout with patches of brilliance. The main character is another young girl, but Elli Rostow, in her complexity and the breadth of her emotional responses, is a far cry from Halina Bader and Shula Weiss. At the beginning Elli is an intelligent and sensitive human being. By the end she has become an inhuman madwoman, a mirror image of the people who murdered her fellow Jews.

For much of the story she is working outside the Polish ghettos for the Nazis, with a faked identity card that enables her to masquerade as a gentile. Thus she plays the role Halina Bader eschewed. But, at the same time, Elli is risking her life to secure information from Jews trapped inside the ghetto. Warned never to trust anyone, compelled to hide her real feelings from others, she is finally unable to retain her humanness, and as the mask becomes the face she is driven to madness.

Technically the novel is by far the most complex of the three. Although the main action is confined to the years 1943 and 1944, through flashbacks and Elli's diary entries the early, "innocent" days of the war are juxtaposed with its more devastating aspects. The narrative is thus not chronological; instead, past and present are revealed to us simultaneously. A diary entry for 1940, for example, makes a later event more meaningful or more ironic. This technique is well suited to Miss Ettinger's thematic emphasis. For by moving back and forth in time she is able to dramatize Elli's metamorphosis as the shocks inflicted upon her destroy first her identity, then her reason.

Kindergarten opens with a brief and elliptical prologue dated 1962, which shows the heroine haunted by memories of the war years. Elli, then, has apparently survived (although the book concludes with an ambiguous scene), but the price has obviously been great. She had promised her grandfather, the prophetlike family patriarch, that she would never forget what she has seen. That promise has been kept at the cost of a recurring nightmare.

The thesis of the novel, its dominant point of view, is expressed by one character:

> Any group of people, systematically humiliated, cruelly treated, deprived of dignity, mentally and physically tormented, hungry, sick, cold, can be reduced to submission. Maybe there are some exceptional men, whom suffering makes stronger, but I think it breaks the average man. We [the Jews] are neither worse nor better than other people.

To demonstrate this point Miss Ettinger describes in ghastly detail a group of people—Jews, not Nazis—calmly and methodically carving up the body of a man they have just murdered so that they can smuggle it out of a building without being detected. Given the rule that to survive one must be as inhuman as the enemy, there is no other possible way to act. As Elli says early in the book: "You have no right to judge people by human standards in an inhuman time."

Kindergarten recounts a tragedy devoid of any purgation. There is no attempt at easy moralizing, no sentimentalized accounts of heroism and martyrdom. The author appears to have little sympathy with the hindsight wisdom that condemned the passivity of those who died or the morality of those who lived. Her heroine is permitted to survive, but, as her grandfather puts it, "Do not think . . . that survival is the main problem or the sole target. The main problem is to be able to live when that time is over."

While it depicts the hallucinatory existence of Jews forced to make impossible decisions, the novel is rooted

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in the experiences of real and believable people. They may at times speak with too much rhetoric, too much self-consciousness, but their lives do involve us.

At one point Elli explains why she returned to the ghetto to aid her fellow Jews: ". . . we must save what is still human inside us. For later, in case there is a later." Elli's tragedy is that she failed to retain the humanity in herself. Her story should make us more aware of how easily our own fates could be the same.

Leonard Fleischer is assistant professor of English at the University of Akron, Ohio.

DADDY WAS A NUMBER RUNNER

by Louise Meriwether

Prentice-Hall, 208 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Ruth Bauerle

■ A clear benefit from the civil rights movement of the last two decades has been the rechanneling of energies in many areas from destructive purposes to a new creativity. Literature is among the fields that have profited: A number of young black writers have appeared, showing vigor and vitality, among them, Louise Meriwether, whose *Daddy Was a Number Runner* is not only her own first novel but the first novel to emerge from the Watts Writers' Workshop.

Miss Meriwether depicts a year in a Harlem neighborhood during the Great Depression. It is a predatory society: butcher and baker prey on the young girls who come into their shops on errands; pimps prey on prostitutes, and both prey on the customers; the mob preys on the numbers players and runners, and the police on the mob.

No one protects the neighborhood children from the molestations of the bums who hang about in parks and on roofs, and the children don't feel that anyone owes them protection from such a normal occurrence. Only when a bum is mugged in the hallway of a whorehouse do the police act, arresting and forcing confessions from the young members of the Ebony Earls. The teenaged criminals are electrocuted in the name of law and order. Summer returns, and the bums once more plague the sisters of the "criminals."

In the midst of this corruption Francie Coffin and her family form a loyal, affectionate group striving to escape the ghetto. Francie and her intelligent, violent best friend, Sukie, dodge the perverts and rapists in this black

(*Continued on page 62*)

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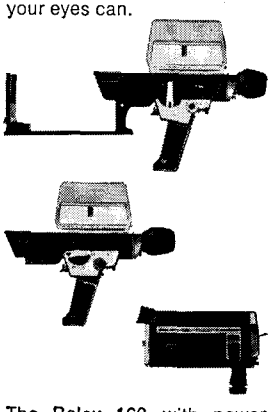

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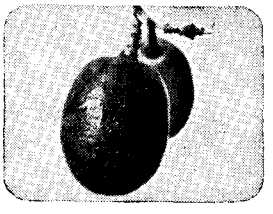

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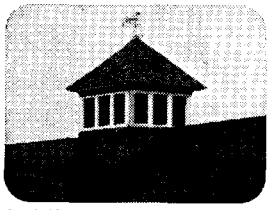

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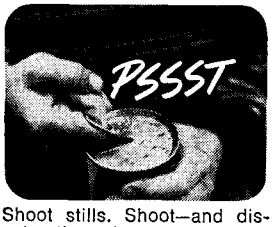

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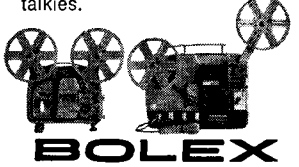

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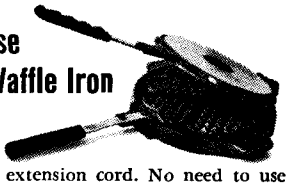

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THE TRUTH OF POETRY: Tensions in Modern Poetry from Baudelaire to the 1960s

by Michael Hamburger

Harcourt, Brace & World, 341 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Stanley Burnshaw

■ "If my study has shown anything," Michael Hamburger remarks on his closing page, "it is how many kinds of truth poets have felt called upon to render or enact over the past century and more." Yet the subtitle—"Tensions in Modern Poetry from Baudelaire to the 1960s"—defines the book more usefully. And Mr. Hamburger analyzes some of these tensions with perceptiveness, courage, and a breadth of knowledge that command admiration even from readers who may disagree with his judgments.

Actually agreement, especially on the recent decades, seems almost beside the point, since, as everyone knows, the closer such a study moves toward the present the more controversial it becomes. Rather, a serious reader must be avid for illumination, and this volume cannot disappoint him. I know of none other that offers so much information, guidance, and insight or that serves so well as an introduction to the Western verse of the last hundred years, even though it omits certain poets of importance (Jeffers, Unamuno, Ahkmatova, Ransom) and attends to others less extensively than their contributions—to me, at least—would demand (Frost, Cummings, Alberti, Machado). But a critic no less than an anthologist has a virtually insoluble problem of choice in "a book whose subject, in both time and space, is very nearly limitless."

When does modern poetry begin? Mr. Hamburger starts with Baudelaire, omits the antecedents, and moves chronologically to the present. Yet "this is not a history of modern poetry," he insists. The chronological pattern serves merely as the general highway along which the critic is free to stop and discuss whatever strikes him as most useful for his purpose: "an attempt to understand [the] nature, assumptions, and functions" of modern poetry.

A number of the stops en route become rewarding encounters—with Corbière, Jiménez, Apollinaire, Benn, Brecht, to cite a random few. I admired especially the pages on Jules Laforgue that show not only how misleading it has been to regard him as a Symbolist but also the effect of his "innovations [which] brought poetry closer, not to music, but to speech; . . . to an existential and moral involvement in the cruelties of life." Mr. Hamburger has excellent things to say about Valéry, Enzensberger, Celan. He also raises some highly debatable points on Rilke as an "'imaginative autonomist,' a maker of 'supreme fictions' who could not get himself to believe in those realities which defy the creative imagination."

When does "modernism" end? In my view (as set forth elsewhere), the poetry that followed World War II is a clearly post-modern development, if Romanticism-Symbolism-Surrealism was in fact the revolution we acknowledge it to be. But this new develop-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

South to Spring—II

IT IS NOT RECOMMENDED to wander Virginia's Skyline Drive on a rainy, foggy afternoon, as I did one Sunday in April, lancing south toward the city of Staunton. The unending twists and dips are not difficult to negotiate in the soup, but the views—there are seventy-five overlooks along the 105-mile drive—are all but blotted out. The motorist, seldom meeting another car, begins to get the eerie impression he is going nowhere.

The Skyline Drive winds along the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains from Front Royal south to Waynesboro. On a fogless day you can see east to the Piedmont and west across the Shenandoah Valley to the Alleghenies. April is a little early to catch the Blue Ridge in flower, but, as my sister pointed out, the still bare trees afford a clearer view of the valley.

There are few billboards and signposts hiding the landscape, thanks to the protective policies of the National Park Service. I am not one, though, who is automatically exhilarated by the absence of commercialism. Sometimes the signs amuse you, keep you awake. Before picking up the Skyline Drive near New Market, we received repeated warnings to stop at a snake and monkey farm along the road, and were served ample notice on the splendors of the Luray Caverns and a few other "subterranean wonderlands."

Despite the weather, the Skyline Drive offered a chance to put my borrowed tangerine 1970 Porsche 914 to an honest road test. This two-seat sports car has caused something of a stir among automobile addicts, what with its mid-engine design and five-speed transmission. Racing cars are built with engines in the center for increased maneuverability, but this is the first time a production auto has been so designed. There are trunks both front and back, although one of them has to be reserved for the removable hardtop when the sun comes out. The 914 (which sells for just under $4,000) can't match the familiar Porsche 911 for speed or power, but the driver who is content to stay under 110 won't miss the glory. The German minds who put it together threw in a few extras so as to belie the national reputation for humorless precision. It wasn't until my fifth day on the road, when I pushed a mysterious dashboard button, that I heard the car's auxiliary horn. It sang out to the tune of "California, Here I Come." I supposed the designers figured they couldn't achieve enough resonance with "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

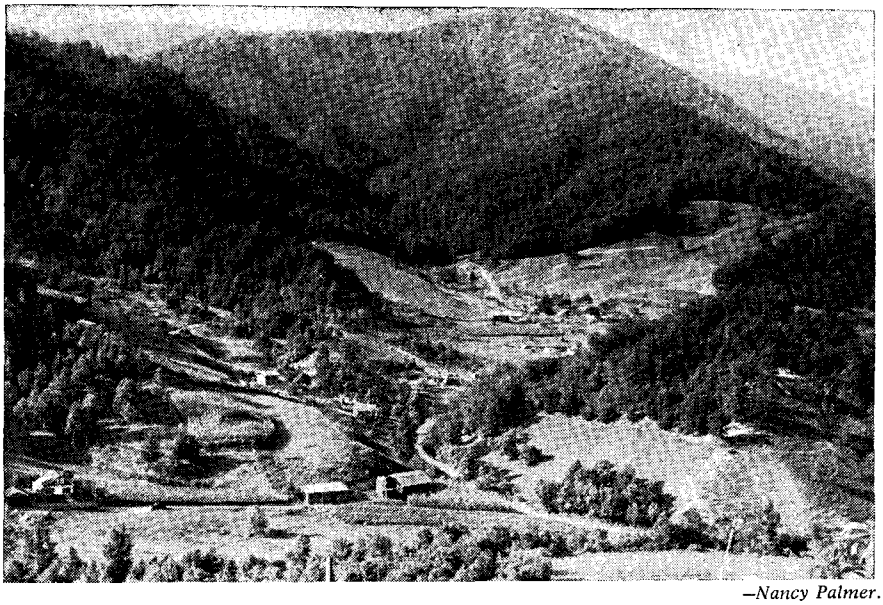
We stopped that night and the next in Staunton (pronounced Stanton), which rests halfway down the Shenandoah Valley just off U.S. 81. It was the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson and today is a college town, Mary Baldwin occupying two hilly blocks. In fact, the valley is college country: the University of Virginia just across the Blue Ridge at Charlottesville, the Virginia Military Institute and Washington and Lee south in Lexington, and Randolph-Macon Women's College in Lynchburg.

An outsider accustomed to the shrilling of 1970 campus life elsewhere will find Staunton and the valley strangely muted. Many of the old values are still intact, especially real estate values. We stayed with family friends in a red-brick, two-story row house they rent for $80 a month, including all the honeysuckle they can smell. Honeysuckle wasn't in bloom yet, but on Monday morning as the clouds floated away on a fine spring breeze I found the town awash in cherry blossoms and tulip magnolia. A cardinal, the Virginia state bird, was singing from a TV aerial atop a corner mansion. Any hint of spring until now had been mockery; but this was the blooming truth.

I toured Mary Baldwin College with Jann Malone, a sophomore from New Orleans and editor of the school paper, *Campus Comments*. Mary Baldwin and the public schools of Staunton have recently undergone social change of typically Shenandoah magnitude. They have altered their dress code. All the way down through grammar school, students can now wear what they please so long as the clothing or hairstyle does not "distract." Loosely, that forbids see-through blouses and the showing of undergarments. At Mary Baldwin, the girls formerly had to wear dresses when they went downtown or to the school's dining hall; now the ruling applies only for Sunday dinner.

As the plaque in front of the pillared Administration Building notes, Mary Baldwin, founded in 1842, is the oldest American college for women related to the Presbyterian Church. "Until this year," said Miss Malone, "we had to go to church every Sunday; now it's at our discretion. We're urged to go, but we don't have to go. I think maybe half of us go." Steered by a professor of religion and philosophy, some of the girls started an informal church in the basement of another professor's house. "You could call it an underground church," she said. "Some of us feel we just can't identify with the church as it is. This is an attempt to put the service in a modern light. Part of it is aimed at keeping the family together. I took my parents yesterday."

She showed me the Date Room, where the girls can entertain their gentlemen-callers by chatting in armchairs or playing the piano. "This is a place to come if you get stuck with nothing to do," she said. "It's hard to find anything in this town after midnight. There are two movie theaters, and one of them plays a lot of good modern films. We've all been waiting to see *Midnight Cowboy* for the last four



—*Nancy Palmer.*

Virginia's Skyline Drive—"Honeysuckle vines were halfway up the roadside fences, and redbud was out everywhere."

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months. Most of the girls go away to the boys' colleges on weekends." She rates the three main destinations this way: "UVA has a reputation as the drunken brawlers' school. I think the boys just try to gross us out. Washington and Lee can be the same, but it's a smaller campus and maybe better behaved. Then of course there's VMI. They have to wear their hair short. They get locked up all week. So on weekends they do one of two things. They either go wild, or withdraw at the shock of seeing a girl."

We paused on a terrace to take the morning sun in white lawn chairs. A girl passed in a white tennis outfit. Miss Malone said tennis is one of Mary Baldwin's main draws, the school having turned out some top players. Perhaps its most celebrated student (although not alumna) was Tallulah Bankhead, who, the story goes, was expelled for having bitten a teacher. Mary Baldwin expects a little more from its women, according to the school bulletin: "Most of the alumnae marry; as wives and mothers they are responsible not merely for home management but for aid to their husbands in varied occupations and for the education of their children in the highly significant early years."

Miss Malone saw me off in front of the Administration Building, whose entrance is guarded by two iron dogs known as Ham and Jam. "They're supposed to bark," she said, "when a Mary Baldwin virgin walks by."

Directly across Frederick Street stands the First Presbyterian Church, which replaced the original structure, where Woodrow Wilson's father, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, served as pastor from 1855 to 1857. Several blocks down

WIT TWISTER #165

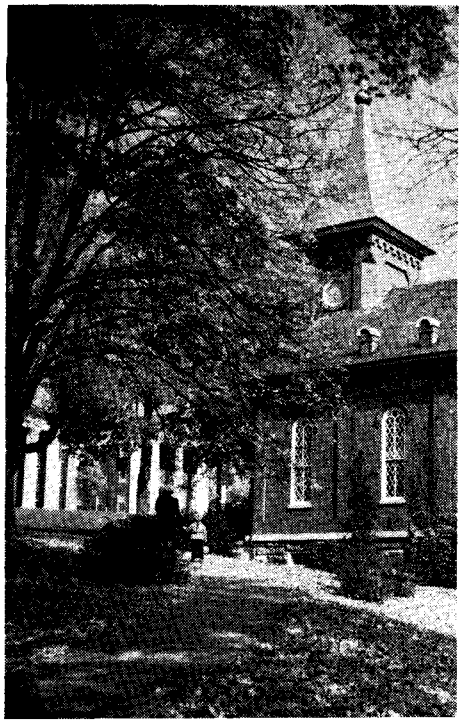
Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This _ _ _ _ _ paradise invites repose.
The lazy hours _ _ _ _ _
gently into days.
Yet he who _ _ _ _ _ long
may end like those
Who _ _ _ _ _ up to beg,
and shun our gaze.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 61)



—Virginia Chamber of Commerce.

Lee Chapel—"brick-and-ivy propriety."

Frederick is the church's manse, the birthplace of the President, and now a museum. Tulip magnolias were aflower in neighboring yards, their pink waxen petals carpeting the lawns. On the roof next door—a building owned by the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace Foundation and leased to Mary Baldwin—a group of girls were sunning themselves in bikinis.

Wilson, we learned in the nursery where he was born, moved with his family to Augusta, Georgia, in 1858 at the age of eighteen months. "But he always claimed this as home," a gray-haired conductress told my sister and me. "He felt the rootage was stronger than the leafage. Later, when he was in love with a Mary Baldwin girl, he would come to Staunton from the University of Virginia." Referring to Wilson's two marriages, she advised us sweetly: "He was happily married both times." Visitors can see a documentary film of Wilson's life, and stroll through a Victorian garden, which was brimming with cherry blossoms that April morning. The Pierce Arrow touring car the President used during his two terms to escape into the countryside around Washington stands in a garage in back, entombed behind a glass door. To get a proper look at the relic, one must press close to the glass to overcome the glare.

We drove to Lexington that afternoon, crossing the Alleghenies at Buffalo Gap and then heading south. Honeysuckle vines were halfway up the roadside fences, and redbud was out everywhere. From the valley, the Allegheny and Blue Ridge ranges stood clearly

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AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

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etched on either horizon. In Lexington, we walked through the town's two adjacent campuses, Virginia Military hulking Bastille-like, Washington and Lee exuding a brick-and-ivy propriety.

Robert E. Lee, who was president of W&L in the days when it was called Washington College, is buried in the family crypt in Lee Chapel. Behind the pulpit there is a Vermont marble statue of Lee reposing on an Army cot, and around him hang worn battle flags from Gettysburg, Appomattox, and elsewhere. A Charles Wilson Peale portrait of George Washington looks out with rosy-cheeked tenderness from a wall beside the pulpit. Washington posed for the picture at forty-two, but Peale, striving for a mid-twenties image, poured on the rouge. There is a small museum in the basement near Lee's restored office. Every visitor finds his own level in such repositories, of which Virginia has many. Looking into a glass case containing a pair of Lee's slippers, I noted that, according to the sculptor E. V. Valentine, who did the recumbent statue upstairs, the general wore size 4½C.

We crossed to the VMI campus, passing a wide green playing field on which cadets in yellow and orange gym suits were heaving every imaginable type of athletic sphere. At the edge of the field, boys in white military uniform just returned from a training exercise were pouring out of Jackson Memorial Hall and lining up for an equipment inspection. Stonewall Jackson, who taught at VMI and who is buried in the city's cemetery, is quoted on a large sign hanging from the building's inner courtyard: YOU MAY BE WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE.

Several cadets passing us on the cement walkways nodded and said, "Good afternoon." A few even saluted. We commanded respect of a different kind on the W&L campus. Returning to the tangerine Porsche, we found a cluster of W&L students examining the car with thoroughgoing awe. It was getting to be a habit, every place we stopped in Virginia. Another old value.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Youth Week in the Concert Halls

YOUTH DESCENDED on Philharmonic Hall in unaccustomed numbers for the most recent appearance of The Philadelphia Orchestra, leaving more than a few, as concert time approached, beseeching those on the way in to understand their plight and sympathize with it. This was, indeed, the Tuesday of the nationwide demonstration against the administration's Cambodian policy. However, these were not activists advertising antiwar sentiments; they were, rather, exponents of the peaceful coexistence represented by Van Cliburn.

For some of them, it must seem a generation, at least, since the young (still!) Texan achieved his overnight fame in Moscow—one who was eight then (1958) could be twenty today. But for one who was neither eight nor twenty, or eight *and* twenty then, it was interesting to observe that the magnetism still endures. This is as much a tribute to the profound need for such a symbol as to its particular embodiment. In the specifically musical aspect, the occasion held, for those picky people who chide Cliburn on the narrowness of his repertory, the promise of two works he had not performed previously in New York.

They were, to be sure, works by Liszt and Rachmaninoff, composers who are, among the household gods of Cliburn, only slightly inferior to the archdeity, Tchaikovsky. But they were, rather than the E-flat Concerto of one and the C-minor of the other, the A-major of the former and the "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" of the latter. If this did not bring a promise of the new broom that sweeps clean, it did at least give rise to hope for a wind from a different quarter.

For one who had not heard Cliburn with orchestra for several years (the last vivid recollection relates to the spring of 1967 when he collaborated in a Carnegie Hall concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Zubin Mehta on their homeward way from Expo Montreal), there was a clear suggestion of transformation in his manner. This was neither the Cliburn of the late Fifties on whose brow the heady laurels of fame were slightly askew, nor the one of a decade later to whom they had become slightly old hat. It suggested that, as well as finding a new equilibrium for such appendages of fame, Cliburn was bent on new deeds to justify them.

This showed itself, both pianistically and musically, in a performance of the Liszt Concerto No. 2 that was magnificently assertive, beautifully defined, and keenly attuned to the difference between the exuberant and the flamboyant. The substantial share of physical excitement he generated was not on behalf of a specious personal *réclame* but designed to fulfill his obligation as the momentary, earthly representative of one who had pushed pianistic possibility vastly closer to its ultimate perimeter. This was a function not only of the big hands, but also of the big musical concept that typifies Cliburn at his best. The audience response was expectably tempestuous. Cliburn showed his personal evaluation of the circumstances by going out of his way to share the applause with Samuel Mayes (for whose beautiful playing of the cello solo in the slow movement he made a trip around the long point of Cape Steinway for a handshake) as well as with Norman Carol, concertmaster, and, of course, conductor Eugene Ormandy.

The opening pair of Beethoven works (*Coriolanus* Overture and Symphony No. 1) were forceful and fastidious, but not really of the imaginative character they can possess. Ormandy's adjustment to his great ensemble is, increasingly, in terms of weight, force, exactitude, and shape, at the cost of lightness, delicacy, and relaxed enjoyment of what it is doing. When so expert an instrumentalist as Joseph de Pasquale, first violist, has to keep an eye riveted on Ormandy for fear of missing a flick of the baton, all is not for the best in Bonn.

A Cliburn-related event brought a large audience to Carnegie Hall on the following night to sample the wares of Minoru Nojima, a twenty-five-year-old Japanese whose path to Parnassus brought him to the winner's circle in the most recent Cliburn International Piano Competition by way of Moscow and studies with Lev Oborin. Nojima may or may not be the best pianist ever produced in Japan, but he is the best pianist from Japan known to me.

Indeed, he has been so well schooled that his assets go beyond the customary objective of equal agility of the hands, to complete independence of

(*Continued on page* 62)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Pardon Me, Your Campus Is Burning

ONE OF THE GRIMMER ASPECTS of the present recession in Hollywood is the fact that all of the newly unemployed are rushing to their typewriters to pound out "with it" scripts about the "now" generation. The formula seems so easy: hippie types on motorcycles, a little miscegenation, a lot of cohabitation, and a clash with the fuzz for a finale. Simple as this formula may be, however, what makes it work is not the ingredients themselves, but an understanding of—and better yet some sympathy with—the attitudes and motivations of today's young people. Total recoil, the standard reaction of great sections of the geriatric set, merely firms up already dangerous prejudices and preconceptions. Too many scripts are being written now by old studio hands who know everything about the youth market, but precious little about youth.

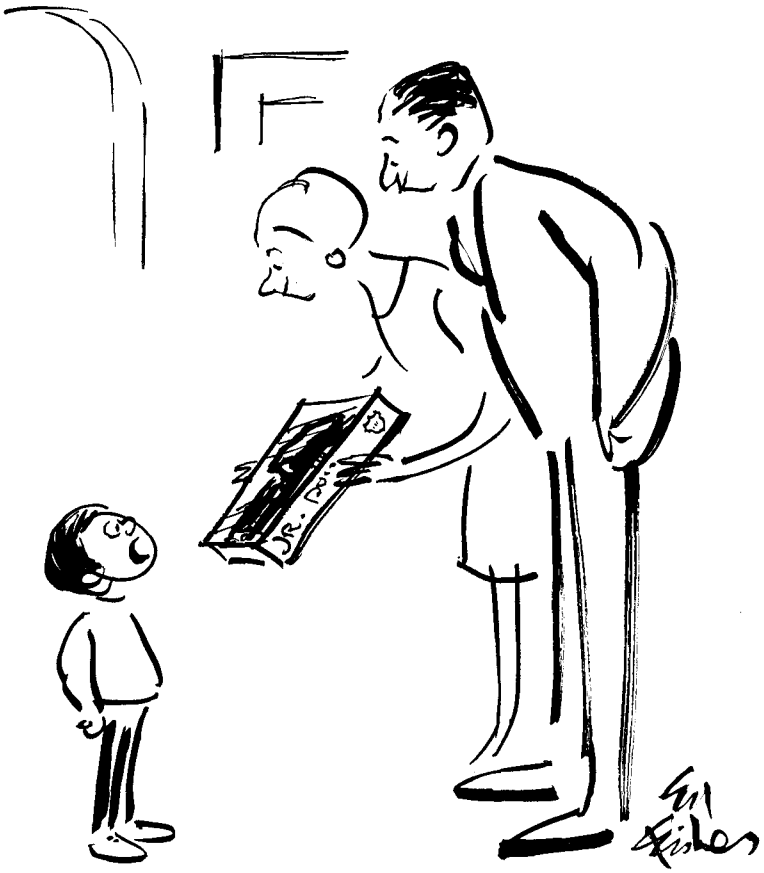
Their chances for a quick and profitable sale may well be dimmed a bit by the appearance of *Getting Straight*, a film that not only understands what lies at the heart of student unrest today, but actually takes the kids' side in their fight against the Establishment. Based upon a novel by Ken Kolb, and directed by Richard Rush (late of American-International's motorcycle movies), it looks piercingly at college administrators and faculties who, by their intransigency, fan negotiable student demands into all-out student riots. It questions curriculums that are no longer relevant, and even presents a master's oral as the sadistic hazing such sessions so frequently are. Clearly, these men—and Robert Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay—know their way around a campus.

What is more to the point, they are also knowledgeable about student attitudes toward their teachers, Black Power, sex, and the Vietnam War. They see clearly enough that what happens on a single campus is no isolated phenomenon (and, indeed, has international ramifications). They acknowledge, which few are ready to do, that student rioting can be a form of sexual release, and that provocation of the police often is both deliberate and irrational—just as smashing university classrooms and offices is deliberate and irrational. But they make it clear that these are the desperate measures resorted to when all other forms of protest have failed, when young people who think of themselves as adults still find themselves treated as children.

All of this is background, however, to a highly personalized—and highly amusing—story of a Vietnam veteran who returns to school because he wants to teach. Elliott Gould is probably the only young actor who could make credible this incredibly articulate young man. Even more surprising is Candice Bergen, every young teacher's dream of a teaching assistant. Wobbling between WASP security and her own indistinct understandings of right and wrong, she builds a performance of enormous persuasiveness. Even the lesser roles—Jeff Corey as a professor who plays the Establishment game, Gregory Sierra as a retarded Chicano useful in football, Max Julien as a calculating black agitator, Robert F. Lyons as the artful draft-dodger—are handled with consummate skill and conviction. These performances are, of course, a tribute to the director; but so is his staging of the film's finale: a master's oral examination, while National Guardsmen walk on patrol just beyond a picture window. Actually, the only old-fashioned thing about the entire film is the Columbia lady holding high her torch just before the main titles begin.

There is a similar sense of newness about *The Forbin Project*, although it is obviously a lower-case entry from Universal. There are no stars. The shooting schedule must have been minimal, the promotion budget nil. But the James Bridges screenplay, derived from a novel by D. F. Jones, works from a striking central idea: An American computer, sealed off from any contact with humans, joins forces with a Russian computer, similarly insulated, to bring peace to our world. The irony is that both have been fed the same information, that nuclear retaliation is the only way to insure that peace. The frantic attempts of scientist Eric Braeden, with technical assistance from Susan Clark, to reverse the pattern form the center of this intriguing film. To the studio's credit, the final outcome is left hanging.

And from Italy comes another kind of anti-Establishment film, a comedy by Pietro Germi titled *Serafino*. The protest is not loud; in other times it might have gone completely unnoticed. But beneath this antic story of an Army reject who ardently woos the local chicks is precisely the same contumacious outlook that shapes Elliott Gould's performance in the equally serio-comedic *Getting Straight*.



"A policeman's suit! You want me to get creamed?"

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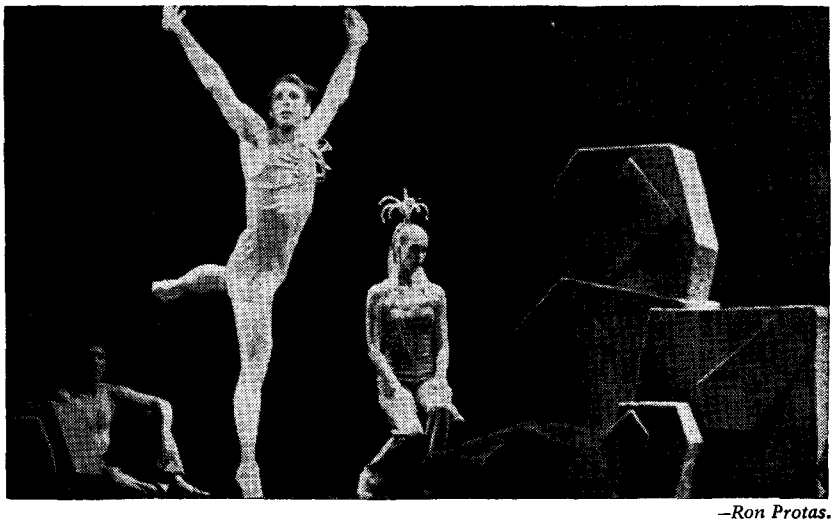
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—Ron Protas.

Paul Taylor, with Nicholas Gunn and Bettie de Jong, in the new "Foreign Exchange"—"playful explorations of space."

Emotion at the Ballet; Motion with the Moderns

MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV are not in themselves the Royal Ballet. They are favorites with balletomanes and, because they are brilliantly publicized, with the general public. So there is a tendency for the theatergoer to feel that if he does not see *them*, he has failed to see the Royal Ballet. This is not true, for the company is a great company with many enormously attractive and gifted dancers in it. The tomorrows of England's Royal Ballet are chiefly in the keeping of the permanent personnel (Dame Margot and Nureyev are listed as guest artists) and the year-after-year newcomers. Yet, some of the todays are the exclusive province of Fonteyn and Nureyev, and all else fades into lesser areas—treasure them while you may.

One such *today* was the season's first performance, at the Metropolitan Opera House during the RB's six-week engagement, of Kenneth MacMillan's choreographic celebration of William Shakespeare's and Serge Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. The entire presentation of this evening-long ballet was both lovely and lusty, as Shakespeare would have wished. But the incandescence was centered in Fonteyn and Nureyev—no argument about that. It was one of those occasions when the familiar was reborn fresh and dewy, and the classical became the "now."

How shall I tell you what happened at this *Romeo and Juliet*? It had that urgency which Martha Graham has said is at the core of creative movement; to a member of the audience it expressed in motion what Shakespeare had said in words, "only I didn't miss the words"; it was, curiously enough, maturity (in performers) making paean to youth's discoveries of love, of life lived for the instant.

This was a very special occasion. It was much more than a matter of steps. It was Juliet reaching out an arm as if to stop Romeo from leaving, at the close of the "Balcony Scene," but watching it, one knew that it was her very being that reached forth. Or Romeo, surrounded by his best friends, the happy whores, the villagers, smiles with his lips, but his eyes and his heart are distant, somewhere with Juliet. In the rich fabric of pageantry and the interweavings of many dramatic lines presented by this ballet, two figures transcend all things through artistry that is close to miraculous. No, Fonteyn and Nureyev are *not* Britain's Royal Ballet, but on the occasion of this particular *Romeo and Juliet* it seemed to many of us that there were no other lovers, no other dancers in the world.

At a later date, there will be opportunity to speak of Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell, themselves a superlative "team," and of others who make this company truly royal.

While the Royal Dancers were bringing ballet, classical and contemporary, to huge audiences at the Met, the New York City Center of Music and Drama was offering, April 28 through May 16, the American Dance Season, Spring '70, featuring seven modern dance companies at the City Center. The two opening attractions, each allotted a full week, were the Nikolais Dance Theater, founded and directed by Alwin Nikolais with headquarters at the Henry Street Playhouse, and the Paul Taylor Dance Company, which might almost be said to have its headquarters in Europe, so popular has it become abroad.

Both gentlemen are among the most internationally successful (Merce Cunningham would be a third) avant-garde dance artists that America has produced. Both find their dancing grounds in fanciful worlds, or, at least, in arenas where the real and the fantastic crisscross each other. Both occasionally touch upon human relationships, but rarely in an emotional or "love" sense. And both have delicious ways with humor. Otherwise they are not at all alike. The Nikolais world, or out-of-this-world would be more like it, makes its initial impact through vivid colors and wild and wonderful shapes. Taylor's world is one that involves playful explorations of space and swift gestural jabs at behavior patterns.

Each choreographer offered a new work: Taylor's was *Foreign Exchange*, with electronic music by Morton Subotnick (Taylor is more likely to sail into new areas on Bach or Haydn), and a setting of stones that reminded me of Dorothy Parker's "Ponder, darling, yon busted statues," a sort of ruined Druid worship center by Alex Katz; Nikolais's new *Structures* was, of course, all Nikolais—choreography, score, lighting designs, props, costumes.

What did the two new works mean? Nothing literal, no "him" and "her" as in *Romeo and Juliet*, but if you were responsive to images, you might find that *Structures* concerned the relationship of bodies to props and projections, to changing light patterns; or you might find that the *Foreign Exchange* was the acceptance or rejection of a gesture, of a set of physical contacts or escapes from contacts. One might be tempted to say that this is all unreal. But is it? It is nonliteral—so is an *arabesque* in ballet—but it is real, and with both Nikolais and Taylor you will find true adventure not up the storied Nile nor down the colorful Mississippi, but in the vast space around us and the still uncharted experience potentials within us. Is it all obscure and deadly serious? Not a bit of it. Nikolais's opening *Divertissements*, excerpts from longer works, was, of course, way out, but it was like a galactic vaudeville, star-acts (celestial and theatrical) in the space age.

Coming June 20
SR's Annual University Press Issue

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Science for Tomorrow

POPULAR OPPOSITION to the war in Vietnam is putting the squeeze on scientists, especially those just coming out of school, to contribute their individual skills to cleaning up the environment. This is coming about through a complicated series of events, as follows.

In his determination to cut down the influence of the military in direction of national policies, U.S. Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana sponsored and helped to pass through the Congress an appropriations bill amendment prohibiting the Department of Defense from spending money on any scientific research or technological development not clearly and directly related to actual military missions.

Complying with this directive, the Department of Defense has eliminated many basic research projects that had provided funds for support of science and technology in colleges and universities. The total reduction is estimated at $23,100,000.

Although the Mansfield amendment has no legal effect on other than military appropriations, it has been taken as a model of Congressional intent by other federal agencies. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, therefore, has dropped $22,000,000 worth of basic research, the Atomic Energy Commission $8,600,000 worth, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare $3,800,000 worth. Others may run the total budget slash as high as $60,000,000 to $75,000,000.

These figures come from a study made by the Subcommittee on Science, Research, and Development of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. The same study indicates that one consequence of the cuts will be a 50-per cent decline in the number of first-year graduate students receiving federal fellowships and traineeships.

This crackdown comes just as science is trying to adjust itself to a tighter pocketbook. Most of the money in the purse comes from the federal government. Through the early 1960s, federal budgets for scientific research and development rose 15 per cent or more each year. In 1965, the National Academy of Sciences issued a report proposing that this increment be accepted as a continuing goal. But popular disillusionment arose over the purposes for which research and development monies were being spent. Among other things, the cremation of three astronauts on a moon rocket launching pad at Cape Kennedy, Florida, shocked people into rethinking national objectives. Beginning in 1968, science budgets weren't so much pared as they were deprived of an annual shot in the arm.

If only the Department of Defense appropriations had been affected by the Mansfield amendment, it would have been relatively simple to lop off those projects that were expendable and shift the remainder to the National Science Foundation. NSF is by charter the main federal banking institution for basic research, and it could encompass the switch if it received about as much money as wasn't spent by the Pentagon. But the problem was complicated when NASA, AEC, HEW, and others decided to take the opportunity to get rid of projects that might prove hard to justify to Congressmen whose tempers were frayed by campus violence.

The White House Bureau of the Budget acknowledged the existence of a dilemma by adding $10-million to its allocation for NSF. The House Subcommittee on Science, Research, and Development added $10-million to the NSF kitty. Then Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts introduced a bill raising the ante to $50-million, or about one-tenth of the $500-million already assigned to NSF.

Four former scientific Assistant Presidents of the United States—James R. Killian, Jr., George B. Kistiakowski, Jerome B. Wiesner, and Donald F. Horning—testified in favor of helping NSF take up the slack. They agreed in predicting that many bright young people will desert science, to the country's later detriment, if the present imbalance goes uncorrected.

One headline in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has referred to the situation as "The R & D Depression." Is there justification for speaking in terms of 1929? Not much. Experienced scientists recognize that there won't be a return to the days of 10-15-per cent annual growth in funds for science. But the alternative to explosive growth is not necessarily stagnation.

All disciplines of science, from physics and chemistry to biology and behavioral studies, are caught together in the belt-tightening present. Practitioners of all of them are loudly lamenting, crying dire fears for the future. What is the truth?

Since the physicists have been the pacesetters of American science since the beginning of World War II, it is logical to look to physics for perspective. When we do, we find that the American Institute of Physics—a holding company for seven professional societies of physicists—has been conducting studies of unemployment among its members. What do the findings say?

Of 45,000 working physicists in the country only 2.5 per cent are out of a job. That is about one-half the unemployment incidence for all occupations, and it includes those employed in the aerospace industry where there is a moon rocket slump. So far as physics is concerned, the job problem lies with those just coming out of school. They can't always find exactly what they want. For example, 57 per cent of the 1969 Ph.D.s wanted university faculty positions; 51 per cent got them. Only 4 per cent wanted to work in government; 10 per cent took jobs in government.

But not having exactly what one wants is different from lacking the opportunity to work in a respectable job. H. Richard Crane, chairman of AIP's Committee on Physics and Society, commented in *Physics Today*: "A way out . . . is for physicists to widen their horizons, to train their students more broadly, and to mark out a larger domain of the world's work as . . . interesting and respectable for physicists. . . . In one area alone, that of environmental improvement, there surely will be opportunity" for basic research to support the engineering of clean air and water, solid waste disposal, transportation, and the like. A Ph.D. isn't necessary to the performance of many such important tasks; young physicists could save time, Crane pointed out, by taking master's degrees and then heading directly into practical applications of physics, "especially those that have social significance."

Milton Harris, chairman of the board of the American Chemical Society, wrote similar advice to young chemists in a recent issue of *Chemical and Engineering News*: "In doubling the number of Ph.D.-granting institutions in the past ten years . . . we may have created a mismatch between student expectations and society's needs. . . . Many students in science, especially at the graduate level . . . feel that if they don't get a first-rate academic appointment they are settling for something decidedly inferior. . . . It is becoming increasingly clear that some of these programs must be reoriented . . . to provide . . . for people who are able and willing to cope with urgent new problems."

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Toward a Solution

Continued from page 31

the General Assistance Program have been justly condemned for providing incentives to become and remain dependent. Welfare clients usually prefer work to remaining on the welfare rolls, and many have been known to leave welfare rolls to accept jobs paying less than their governmentally provided allotment. However, this is not universally true. A study in the *American Economic Review* of data on the demand for general assistance in forty-eight states in the decade of the Fifties showed that, on the average, 46 per cent of those on general assistance were not there, as Professors C. T. Brehm and T. R. Savings delicately put the point, "because of zero wage alternatives." The authors' econometric analysis showed that the proportion of each state's population on general assistance is directly influenced by the level of general assistance payments. The higher the level of general assistance payments per person, the larger the proportion of the state's population going on general assistance.

One major argument for the negative income tax will be partially removed by the enactment of the Family Assistance Plan. AFDC payments now vary greatly from low- to high-payment states. [See chart, page 31.] Any encouragement given to welfare clients to move from low living cost areas to high living cost areas, such as New York and Chicago, to obtain the larger welfare incomes available in those areas would be reduced by either the FAP or the negative tax. By the raising of the supplementary payments that are now low in low living cost areas, one incentive to move into overcrowded city slums thus would be reduced.

There has been some dispute about the extent to which movement is encouraged by the relatively higher welfare payments available in many cities, and about the impact of a welfare-income incentive to avoid work. But such persons as a Kansas City plant manager with whom I recently talked have no doubt that both factors are important. The manager reported that when he interviews applicants for jobs he always asks, "Why do you want this job?" The very frequent reply is, "I won't be eligible for welfare for another seven (or eight or ten) months because I've only been in the state for five months." Not all job applicants whom he hired said this, of course, but he found the quit rate very high among recent migrants once they had lived in the state for a year.

To the extent that a negative income tax also encourages people to participate in work activities it would mitigate the developing dependency syndrome and its associated problems. A study in one community using a matched sample of 16,322 high school students found the incidence of school dropout, juvenile delinquency, poor school discipline, low scholastic aptitude and achievement, and, among girls, teen-age marriage and premarital pregnancy to be consistently higher among students from AFDC families than among those from matched families with similar incomes that had never applied for assistance. This was true regardless of whether the families were Negro or white, of high or low socioeconomic status, female- or male- or jointly-headed. The longer families were on AFDC, the greater the incidence of these problems.

What is not clear from the data gathered in this one community —which may or may not be representative of the nation—is whether the dependency syndrome found among AFDC families is caused by dependency or is a result of a self-selection process. Those who chose to apply for and remain on AFDC and those who chose not to apply may have had a different incidence of such problems regardless of whether there was an AFDC program. However, those who applied and were refused had a lower incidence of the problems enumerated than those who were accepted—which may indicate that the differences are not explained solely by the self-selection factor. Obviously, it is not certain that those who might choose to rely on the minimum income guaranteed by the negative income tax would not suffer the same problems. But at least there would be some incentive to become self-reliant.

The vices of other programs, which could be dropped with the enactment of a negative income tax, also point in the same direction. The Agricultural Assistance Program, for example, was enacted largely because of poverty among farmers, but it has provided most of its payments to well-to-do farmers, not the poor. Payments are proportionate to land holdings and to output. Poor farmers have little land or output, and therefore receive little aid. The program has been a poverty program for rich farmers.

With the negative income tax the sham poverty excuse for the agricultural program would be removed. It could then in good conscience be repealed. With its repeal, the rural poor would become better off not only because of supplementary income from the negative income tax but because their economic opportunities would improve. (The crop restriction features of the Agricultural Assistance Program have diminished job opportunities for the rural poor and forced many, who would have preferred to remain in the countryside, to migrate to city slums.) When the negative income tax begins operating, there will be no excuse for the AAP as a program that is supposed to help the poor. It should be abolished simultaneously with the enactment of a negative income tax.

With enactment of the supplementary income proposal the minimum-wage provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act also can be repealed—or at least the ostensible reason for

"My name's Fred Hansen, feller. Never heard of anybody named Guru around here."

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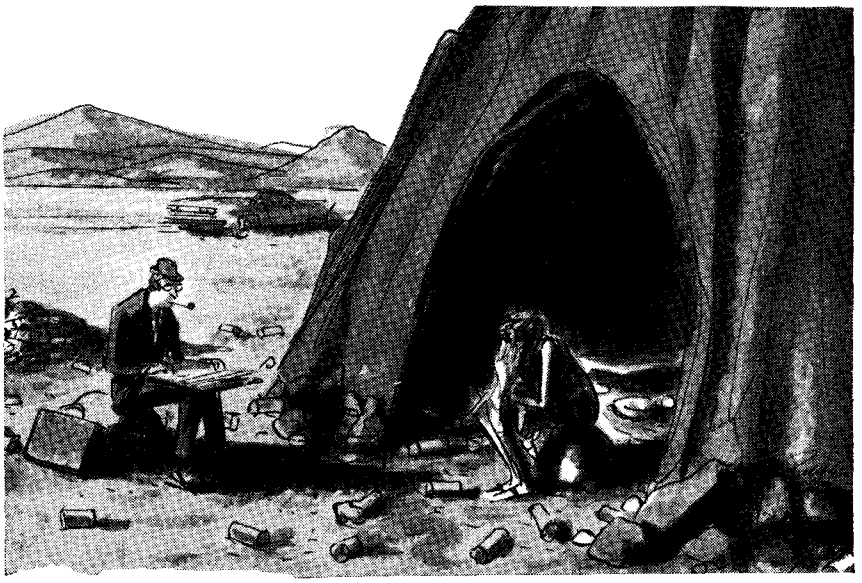

"I don't care what your computer says; I am not a typical Delaware father."

further increases could be eliminated. A major argument for the enactment of the $1.60-an-hour minimum in 1966 was that this was necessary to provide $3,328 a year—the level necessary to ensure an income above the officially defined poverty line for a family of four—and lift low-wage workers out of poverty. Since many of the low-wage workers affected were not primary breadwinners supporting a family, but were teen-agers or wives supplementing family income, the law's rationale might well be questioned.

Nonwhite teen-agers have been the primary victims of statutorily fixed minimum-wage rates. Before the several rounds of increases that began in 1950, unemployment rates among new job seekers entering the labor market, as measured by the unemployment rate among teen-agers, oscillated between 8 and 12 per cent, depending on the stage of the business cycle. The rate was the same for both white and black teen-agers. Since the minimum wage has been effectively increased, unemployment rates among white teen-agers, instead of settling at the usual 8 per cent in periods of full employment, have gone to 11 to 12 per cent, while those of black teen-agers, instead of the usual 8 per cent, have gone to 25 per cent—a scandalously high level. In the major black ghettos, the rate runs at the 35-per cent level. With a negative income tax, there will be no poverty excuse for further increases in the minimum.

With the negative income tax we will also remove the excuse for creating more public housing ghettos and the excuse for the rent controls that are leading to deterioration and abandonment of housing and a reduction in the housing supply available for the poor.

As the articles in this issue make clear, much of the nearly $20-billion in federal funds being spent to help the poor is creating more problems than it solves. By replacing most of the programs—with the possible exception of the $2-billion being spent for vocational training and rehabilitation—with a $10- to $15-billion negative income tax plan, we can reduce the cost of the poverty programs, many of whose benefits flow to well-to-do construction workers and farmers, and stop creating more problems than we can solve.

The case for an income strategy in welfare, therefore, is economically as well as ethically sound. As Professor Friedman has said in describing existing welfare arrangements in the U.S.

> The elementary fact is that we now have a governmentally guaranteed annual income in substance though not in name. In effect, that is what our grab-bag of relief and welfare measures is. . . . [But] our present de facto guaranteed income is a mess. It is expensive, and most of the money goes to people who are not by any stretch of the imagination poor. It involves a tremendous bureaucracy, widespread intervention into the operation of the market system in areas that have nothing to do with poverty, and inexcusable interferences with the individual freedom and dignity of the truly poor who receive assistance, let alone the rest of us.

Insofar as the negative income tax becomes a replacement for the host of damaging programs now inflicted upon us, it offers hope for reducing many of the iniquities we now suffer. In addition, it could generate economies in present governmental budgets. Only with the generation of the economies that would be possible with a negative income tax can we hope to reduce our domestic tax burdens.

On Welfare

Continued from page 29

knew what he meant by that. I said, "You don't really mean that. You don't mean your wife peddle herself?" And this guy he just grinned at me. . . .

Now what kind of a question is that to ask? My wife don't peddle anything. She got the kids to take care of. What kind of a question is that anyway?

The trouble with celebrating the fact that we may now be prepared to give an entitlement of $1,600 a year to every poor family is that it allows us to evade once again the question of what the good life should be. Unless we are prepared to face that question with the poor through the poor, we are dooming ourselves once again to suffer the rage of the poor; we are dooming ourselves, moreover, to visit our own rage on the poor. We are dooming ourselves to more of this same apartness through which we all suffer and rage on, and suffer others to suffer with us.

When I wrote *The Poorhouse State*, some 600,000 New Yorkers were on welfare, and, except for the aged and disabled, they were mostly all black or Spanish-speaking. All were poor, and none of them thought of it as a boondoggle. Today, I am told, more than a million are being subsidized poorly. The cry is that the rolls must be reduced. But perhaps our only hope is that the other seven million citizens also will be granted their entitlements so that the word welfare can become more than just an ironic way of referring to what we visit on some people at minimal expense to ourselves.

We have got to teach ourselves to share. If we don't, we will continue to destroy each other.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 54: isled, slide, idles, sidle.

Nick's Place

by Ernest Kroll

The waiter
(*Timeo Danaos*)
Bringing
The soup
(*Et dona*)
Has a
Finger
(*Ferentes*)
In it.

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Number Runner

Continued from page 51

valley on their road to maturity. They see their families beset by rats, bedbugs, alcohol, poverty, hunger, cold. They watch police violence, and read denials of that violence in the papers. They see representatives of the law break the law as they search an apartment without a warrant and arrest Francie's father without evidence. Family ties disintegrate amid violence, hypocrisy, and corruption.

Francie and Sukie and their friends come to realize that their chance of achieving the American ideal of freedom is not much greater than their chance of beating the numbers game.

The pain of Francie's world was real for millions of Americans, and Miss Meriwether's skill as a writer makes it vivid to the reader. It is this considerable talent that produces a hopeful book. If your stomach can stay with it, your heart and mind will be rewarded.

Ruth Bauerle, a teacher at Ohio Wesleyan University, has reviewed books for the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

JEREMIAH 8:20

by Carol Hill

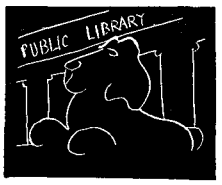
Random House, 371 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ "Ernie and me, we're jerks," Jeremiah Francis Scanlon tells himself, and he's right. Fat, balding Francis (as he is called) is an unhappy thirty-nine-year-old bookkeeper. But, unlike his friend Ernie, Francis is basically a nice jerk, pathetic in his bumbling efforts to understand the world around him.

These efforts take him away from his rigidly proper Catholic home in suburban Greenover, New Jersey, to Mrs. Flynn's boardinghouse on Manhattan's upper West Side. There he meets an unlikely (and unbelievable) group of characters: Martha, the frustrated, intellectually pretentious librarian, and Jocko, the cynical "historian" she yearns for; Miles, who describes himself as an actor and goes out in female dress; Petal, the vague lady who, she tells Francis, "knits poetry."

Francis enrolls in Al Camp's gym. "Sure we got courses," Al assures him. "We got two major categories: First, we got Body, that includes reducing, swimming, and body conditioning, then we got Mind, that includes personal appearance, public speaking and a general survey of culture. . . . In three



months, I'm tellin ya, itsa gonna be a whole new story."

But it isn't. Meanwhile, Francis buys a tape recorder and secretly takes down conversations in public places, hoping to find out what it is that everyone except him seems to know. He spends his evenings playing over the tapes and editing them, sometimes even adding a role for himself.

He goes with Ernie and Milda, a shrew from his office whom Ernie dragoons him into bringing along, on a slumming expedition to Harlem. Francis decides maybe Negroes know the secret of what he is searching for. More and more he devotes his attention to recording Negroes talking to each other. He is fascinated by his few black fellow employees. When a Negro is hired as Francis's boss, Ernie tells him that it is degrading. Ernie is a bigot; Francis is upset.

In this sprawling, overwritten novel Carol Hill occasionally catches the dreary confusion, the loneliness, and the fears of a rather stupid but essentially decent specimen of the lower middle class. Francis, in his feeble efforts to find love and friends and a place for himself, is credible and touching. But the people with whom the author surrounds him are bizarre types, unconvincing and thus uninteresting. It is as if, having created Francis, Mrs. Hill is at a loss what to do with him.

The novel ends in a blaze of violence for which the reader is unprepared. Whatever statement the author wishes to make about the world today is lost in her unchanneled flood of words and extraneous scenes. In the King James Version of the Bible Jeremiah 8:20 reads: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Nor are the characters in this story. Worse, despite Miss Hill's piling of words on words, neither is the novel itself.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Kg, *Portrait of a Lady*. 2D1, *Grapes of Wrath*. 3Bb, *Threepenny Opera*. 4Id, *Oliver Twist*. 5Gk, *Treasure Island*. 6Ch, *To Kill a Mockingbird*. 7Ai, *Buddenbrooks*. 8Lc, *Last of the Mohicans*. 9Jj, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. 10Fa, *Tevye's Daughters*. 11Ef, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. 12He, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. (Some of the descriptions are interchangeable.)

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 56

each finger of the ten. As disposed in the A-minor Sonata of Mozart (K. 310), these resources made for clarity and precision, neatness and efficiency. Musically, Nojima is conditioned to the belief that every repeat sign is a command to be obeyed, with the result that the work, in effect, was heard twice. As a Mozartean, Nojima's aptitudes are not quite that compelling, with the result that interest waned as repetitions accumulated. The slow movement was formed beautifully, but a little impersonally. There was, oddly, more lightness and finesse in Liszt's "Feux folles" and a richness of sound that proclaimed the true pianistic nature in its group mate "Harmonies du soir." However, in none of these, or the following B-flat Sonata (No. 8) of Prokofiev, did Nojima rise above extremely facile piano playing to those flights of fancy that give wings to notes.

The capacious tent of the U.S. Army, which is large enough to accommodate a scout plane as well as a B-52, provided the opportunity for an uncommon insight into its musical organization when the string quartet of the United States Military Academy (informally known as West Point) presented a program of twentieth-century music in Carnegie Recital Hall. The Juilliard-bred performers, according to a note in the program, elected enlistment as an entity to draft as individuals, and perform musical duties at the Point in which quartetting is a part.

They gave tight, intense, and thoroughly disciplined service to the Second Quartet of Ives, the 1965 work of Lutoslawski, the Third of Bartók, and a new work (1964) of Paul Cooper, now associated with the University of Cincinnati. There was nothing in the least GI about the outcome of the efforts by Mark Sokol and Thomas LeVeck, violinists, Don Ehrlich, violist, and David Gibson, cellist, save in the way they served the General Interests of the music they performed.

On the same evening, the big hall under the same roof was crowded with an equally applausive audience for the fifth in the American Airlines valuable annual "American Youth Performs" concerts. With a cast of hundreds, drawn from high school performers all over the country, the audience was treated to a series of highly charged, well-organized performances under the direction of Carmen Dragon, Irving Bunton, and Louis Campiglia. Soprano Joyce Mathis added to her credits in "Regina Coeli" from *Cavalleria*. It was a heartening example of a harmony of corporate interests above and beyond the monetary.

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"The Truth of Poetry"

Continued from page 52

ment forms parts of "the modern" when we regard the last hundred years of verse as distinguished by a tension between the poet's "empirical" and "poetic" selves. Mr. Hamburger continually works with this problem; perhaps his most searching contribution is his exploration of the varying concrete solutions. Though "the Symbolists proper had no place for the empirical self in poetry," their successors "grappled incessantly with this question of discontinuous identity." One may even believe that "the truth of poetry became inseparable from what Oscar Wilde called 'the truth of masks,'" even beyond the time of Fernando Pessoa, the Portuguese poet (d. 1935), who divided his poetic self into four distinct authors, each of whom wrote quite different verse.

Mr. Hamburger devotes illuminating pages to the "anti-poetry" that spread through the West in the wake of World War II. Since, as he shows, "something of the new austerity is to be found not only in poets preoccupied with Marxism" but in the Eliot of the *Four Quartets* and in the later Benn and Montale, he can place under this rubric a number of politically unaffiliated poets whose works "are very much in line with international developments after 1945 in that they serve to close the gap between the empirical selves and the projected selves of poets." Yet as Pablo Neruda has written in *"Muchos somos"* ("We are many"):

> Of the many men who I am, who we are,
> I cannot settle on a single one.
> They are lost to me under the cover of clothing.
> They have departed for another city. . . .
>
> * * *
>
> What must I do to single out myself?
> How can I put myself together?

Anti-poetry as such, of course, holds no more future than the Dadaist school that followed World War I. Yet certain of the virtues it has preached —of style and theme—are everywhere evident, along with the aberrations. Paradoxical as it may seem, the modernist movement that began a century ago with the poets' withdrawal from everyday existence has ended in the almost desperate need of many of their successors for confronting—even at times for wallowing in—the hard empirical realities of here and now.

Stanley Burnshaw is the author of "The Poem Itself," a commentary-anthology on modern European poets; three volumes of verse, and, most recently, "The Seamless Web."

"Okay, but where would you be if it weren't for us Philistines?"

Chess Corner No. 153

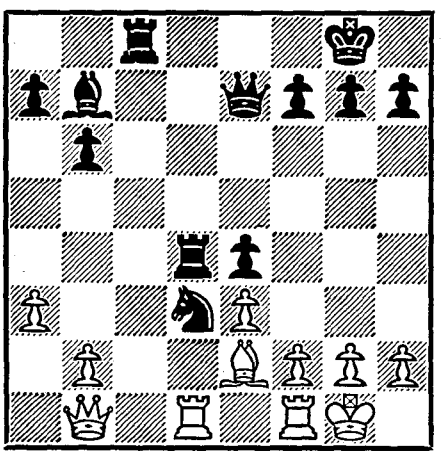
The crucial, key game—a decisive and most dramatic battle—took place in the eleventh and final round of the U.S. Chess Championship between the titleholder, Larry Evans of Las Vegas, and six-time national champion, Sammy Reshevsky of Spring Valley, New York.

Before play, Reshevsky was a half-point up on his nearest rival and, playing percentages, proffered the draw after ten moves. Evans declined—an audacious "no" followed by a strained silence. Reshevsky's mien froze. Who had the impunity to gainsay the mighty Sammy?

On move 21, Sammy "sacked" the exchange, converted to an insidious Kingside onslaught, and, by attrition, swapped off to an A-B-C ending. Now it is clear, what makes Sammy run.

Queen's Indian Defense

	Evans White	Reshevsky Black		Evans White	Reshevsky Black
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	11	NxN	PxN
2	P-QB4	P-K3	12	N-Q2	R-B1
3	N-KB3	P-QN3	13	B-K2	N-Q2
4	N-B3	B-N2	14	O-O	P-QB4
5	P-QR3	P-Q4	15	PxP	NxP
6	B-N5	B-K2	16	N-N3	R-Q1
7	P-K3	O-O	17	Q-B2	N-Q6
8	R-B1	N-K5	18	QR-Q1	QR-B1
9	BxB	QxB	19	Q-N1	R-Q3
10	PxP	PxP	20	N-Q4	RxN



21	PxR	N-B5	33	K-B3	K-B2
22	KR-K1	Q-N4	34	RxP	RxRch
23	P-KN3	P-K6	35	KxR	P-KN4
24	P-B3	NxBch	36	P-KR4	P-KR3
25	RxN	BxP	37	P-Q5	K-K2
26	R-QB1	R-K1	38	K-Q4	K-Q3
27	R/2-K1	B-N2	39	PxP	PxP
28	R-B7	Q-Q4	40	P-R4	P-R4
29	RxB	QxR	41	P-N3	P-N5
30	Q-Q3	Q-K5	42	K-K3	KxP
31	QxQ	RxQ	Resigns		
32	K-N2	P-B4			

—Al Horowitz.

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(Continued from page 65)

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HANSEL/GRETEL COTTAGE midst forested endless mountains, Pennsylvania. 212-SA 2-8460.

VERMONT—SEASONAL/MONTHLY. Spacious 1830 Colonial. 3 bedroom, well equipped. On country road 2 miles from West Dover village. Tennis, swimming, golf. Marlboro concerts nearby. Beautiful views. Available ski season. 212-355-1344, Box W-71.

JULY—5 bedroom cottage, modern kitchen. Private beach on Frenchman's Bay near Bar Harbor, Maine. Call 203-562-5697 nights, or write Box W-62.

UNIQUE A-frame, furnished, in deep forest 60 miles north NYC. July. 212-867-0180.

VERMONT—At Stratton Mt. New 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Babbling brook, golf, swimming. Monthly $400 or weekly. 203-767-1400 or SR Box W-57.

HUNTINGTON, L.I.—Older home, attic apartment, outside loft and studio. Two wooded acres, swimming pool. Suitable large family or two sharing. 516-271-8166.

VERMONT LOG CABIN, private pond. Conveniences. $175 biweekly. Box 72, Jamaica, Vermont.

SCHOOLHOUSE—Delightful, comfortably furnished, North Jersey. Exceptional views. 212-783-6333.

SOUTHERN VERMONT FARMHOUSE. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplaces. $350 monthly. Tannich, Peru, Vermont 05152.

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

ADVENTURES-IN-LIVING. For your vacation, are you interested in EXCHANGING your home for one in Florida, California, Cape Cod, etc. Write for details. P.O. Box 278, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square. Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

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UNIQUE, SPACIOUS DUPLEX — Manhattan. Elegant staircase, fireplace, 8 airy rooms, quiet, high floor, custom built-ins, air conditioning, 3 masters, 3 modern baths. Doorman. Owner sublet one year August. $800. References, no pets. 212-873-8521.

ITHACA—Periphery of Cornell campus. For two people. Cheap. 607-273-8234.

SERENDIPITY—Swim, shell, sail, sauna, Sarasota. Rent new 2 bedroom, 2 bath, waterfront, a/c apartment, Longboat Key, Florida. SR Box W-21.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 4 rooms, balcony, roof garden, sunny, bay view. July-October. $240 monthly. SR Box V-790.

DELICIOUS 1 bedroom air conditioned furnished apartment. Sunset on Hudson, vicinity Lincoln Center. Luxury comforts. $450 month. July/August. Box W-36.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

RESPONSIBLE YOUNG COUPLE, grad students, need Manhattan apartment immediate use. One or two bedrooms. To $300. Box V-982.

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NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

SOMESVILLE, MAINE—Limited offering, Park view estate sites, 2-5 acres. Box 228, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

NOVA SCOTIA—10 acre hideaway on ocean, fully equipped, bathroom, fireplace, double garage. $10,000. Ocean View Realty, Box 72, Lockeport.

ISLAND LIVING, Florida Keys waterfront lot, near miniature Key deer refuge. $3,500. Evenings 305-757-9560.

NORTHERN VERMONT. 3 large, isolated tracts in wooded, rural area near picturesque village. Two have long stretches of fast-running, trout-filled streams, third has extensive protected footage on peaceful pond. Each tract about 40 acres. Box W-31.

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HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-515, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

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LONGACRES RIDING CAMP for girls. Learn to ride, jump, show; 70 camp owned horses. Learn horse care and stable management; swimming, sports, art. Ride the most at Longacres with our exclusive "extra" system. Informal, flexible program for all ages, 7-17. Family owned and operated, we invite you to join us in a summer of friendship, fun and achievement. For brochure write: Mrs. Linda S. Kranz, Grover Road, East Aurora, N.Y. 14052.

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INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS. Send for 1970 directory of accredited professional camps. Enclose 25¢ for handling. Write: 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

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CAMPS

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STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—Summer 1970. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube or Explore the Amazon. Small select groups, professional leaders. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011. 212-873-1260.

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CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

NEW CAMP for today's world—taking applications for exciting and educational four weeks in Colorado Rocky Mountains, July 26th-August 22nd. Outdoor recreation, fresh mountain air and learning through experience about ecology and man in his environment. Coed 14-18. Call Richard Rocchio, Director, Twin Owls Mountain Camp, 303-586-2381 or evenings 303-444-0637. Estes Park, Colorado 80517.

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RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

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THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

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ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

CAPE COD at its BEST. Directly on the ocean. Fabulous view on three sides. A combination of country, privacy, convenience. Private beach, mammoth pool, nightly dancing. Near golf, deep-sea fishing. Many deluxe rooms. $27 up per person daily (double occupancy) includes breakfast, dinner. June 20th-Labor Day. Cape Codder Hotel, Box CC-3, Falmouth, Massachusetts 02541.

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(Continued on page 68)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 67)

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable *home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of* Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Open April-December. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

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1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Spring weekend specials. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

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RUSTIC LODGE on the Green Mountain skyline. Motel suites, spacious cabins. Swimming pool. Mountaineering and touring center. Open all year. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont 05701. A Treadway Resort.

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PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

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VACATIONS

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VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 8, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

THE FUN ON ST. JOHN, U.S. Virgin Islands is at Estate Beth Cruz Hotel. Family accommodations, efficiencies, daily clean-up maid service, hilltop spectacular views, freedom from insects, freshwater pool, informal dining room, bar, frequent native entertainment, rental cars.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $17 to $23 daily; two delicious meals included. Rates $2 less in June; open 20th. Owner-Manager Thompson, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552. 617-645-2521.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on *Deer Isle, Maine. In East* Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1885

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. William Osler was, in 1911	21 33 40 127 137 153 166 26
B. Superfluous, undesirable	88 106 120 123 128 136 150 173
C. One that confirms	5 13 27 49 54 60 71 81
D. "You have displaced ——, broke the good meeting," says Lady Macbeth. (2 wds.)	107 121 125 149 156 162 167 170
E. Glassy	143 158 9 20 30 35 94 104
F. Oyster, for instance (comp.)	112 8 65 68 74 85 133 155
G. "And far across the hills they went / In that —— which is the old." (2 wds., Tennyson, "The Day Dream")	160 169 174 3 17 25 29 53
H. With minute scrutiny	56 75 95 102 116 134 43 152
I. Stress	37 61 114 141 163 22 55 70
J. Fabled monsters, part lion, part eagle	146 157 69 79 87 91 110 34
K. Former capital of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region (2 wds.)	100 118 131 145 10 19 38 67
L. "He that will have a cake out of —— must needs tarry the grinding," says Pendarus. (2 wds., "Troilus and Cressida")	73 83 97 15 23 44 51 111
M. Less rare or noble	147 161 12 36 80 132 6 32
N. Act of pouring a liquid upon	45 92 113 139 58 126 99 164
O. One of the major concerns of politicians (2 wds.)	140 39 63 117 142 172 50 176
P. Cause to grow larger at an accelerating rate	48 41 129 18 77 4 89 64
Q. Assassin bug, kissing bug	165 138 47 78 66 7 62 103
R. Drill, train	98 2 16 115 24 130 86 11
S. Utterly detested	31 1 59 28 46 72 109 96
T. Bela's city, in Edom (Gen. 36-32)	57 135 14 154 171 151 175 168
U. Desolate; forsaken	90 122 52 82 101 148 108 119
V. Developing, arising	105 93 84 124 42 144 76 159

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 S	2 R	3 G	4 P	5 C	6 M		7 Q	8 F		9 E	10 K	11 R	
12 M	13 C	14 T		15 L	16 R	17 G		18 P	19 K	20 E	21 A	22 I		23 L	24 R	25 G
26 A		27 C	28 S		29 G	30 E	31 S	32 M	33 A		34 J	35 E	36 M	37 I	38 K	39 O
40 A	41 P	42 V		43 H	44 L	45 N	46 S	47 Q	48 P		49 C	50 O		51 L	52 U	53 G
	54 C	55 I	56 H	57 T	58 N		59 S	60 C	61 I	62 Q	63 O	64 P	65 F		66 Q	67 K
	68 F	69 J	70 I	71 C	72 S		73 L	74 F	75 H	76 V		77 P	78 Q	79 J	80 M	81 C
82 U		83 L	84 V		85 F	86 R		87 J	88 B	89 P	90 U		91 J	92 N		93 V
94 E	95 H	96 S	97 L	98 R	99 N	100 K	101 U		102 H	103 Q	104 E	105 V	106 B	107 D	108 U	109 S
110 J	111 L		112 F	113 N		114 I	115 R	116 H	117 O	118 K	119 U		120 B	121 D	122 U	
123 B	124 V	125 D		126 N	127 A	128 B	129 P	130 R	131 K	132 M	133 F		134 H	135 T	136 B	137 A
138 Q	139 N	140 O		141 I	142 O	143 E	144 V	145 K	146 J		147 M	148 U	149 D	150 B		151 T
152 H		153 A	154 T	155 F	156 D	157 J		158 E	159 V	160 G	161 M	162 D	163 I	164 N	165 Q	166 A
	167 D	168 T	169 G		170 D	171 T	172 O	173 B		174 G	175 T	176 O				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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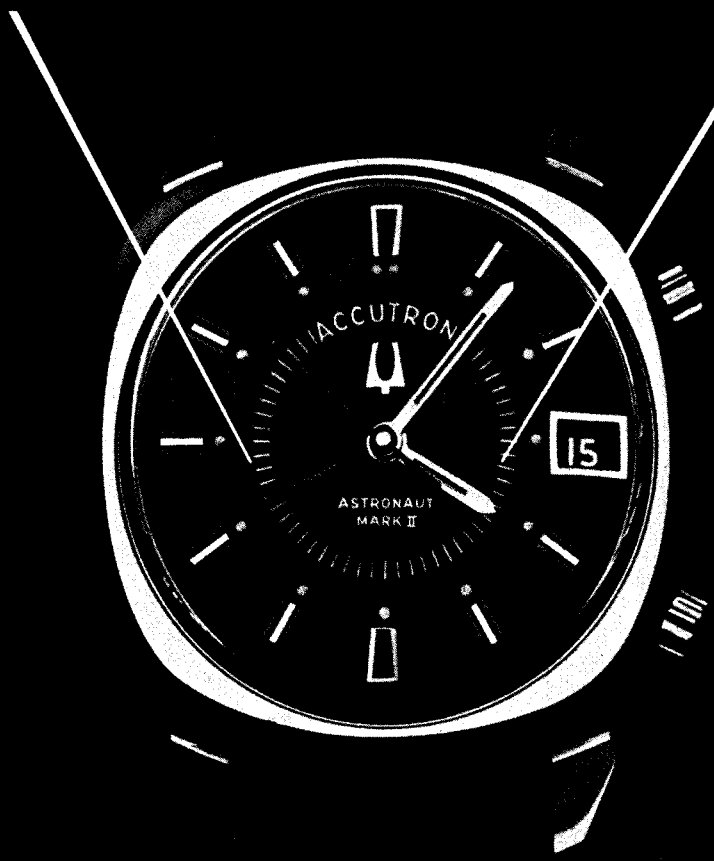
This hour-hand tells you the time where your mind is.

This hour-hand tells you the time where your body is.



And you can set our new Accutron watch for a second time-zone without disturbing the original setting.

Telling time in the jet age just isn't as simple as Big Hand/Little Hand anymore.

So Accutron, not content to give you exquisitely accurate time in one time-zone, now provides it in two.

Introducing the Accutron Astronaut Mark II's. They can do things no other watches ever could.

Let's say you're leaving your office in Boise, Idaho for a meeting in London. Just click the hour-hand ahead 8 hours, and you're on London time. A second "hour-hand" (which normally hides behind the first) is now exposed to keep track of the time back home.

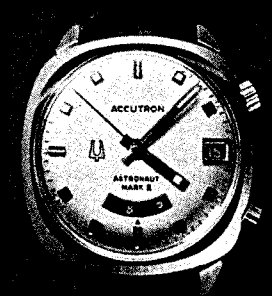
And since the other hands aren't disturbed, neither is our famous claim: that Accutron is the most accurate watch in the world.

The Accutron watch is guaranteed accurate to within one minute a month* because it measures time with a unique electronic tuning fork movement.

(Conventional watches, with their conventional balance wheel movements, simply can't match accuracy like this. Friction and the effects of gravity are just too much to overcome.)

If you do any traveling at all, you'll appreciate the new Accutron Astronaut Mark II.

And the next time you're in London, and someone asks you the time, you can reply with a straight face, "Here? Or in Boise, Idaho?"



Instead of an additional hour-hand, this model uses a small "read-out window" to show the time back home. The Accutron Astronaut Mark II's. From $175.

Accutron® by Bulova

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But their abilities lie beyond what you'll see.

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School is never out for United jet mechanics.

That's one reason why our maintenance far surpasses government requirements.

And why we've won so many awards for contributions to the airline industry.

No wonder we at United feel our mechanics are in a class by themselves.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"I worked on this plane myself."

School's never out for the guy on the ladder, either.

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